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TRIAD

Sept. 16, 1977

magazine

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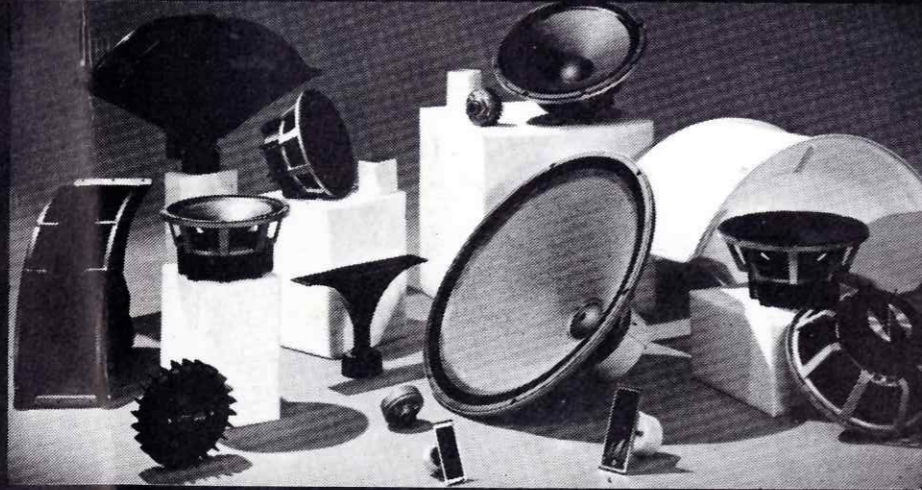
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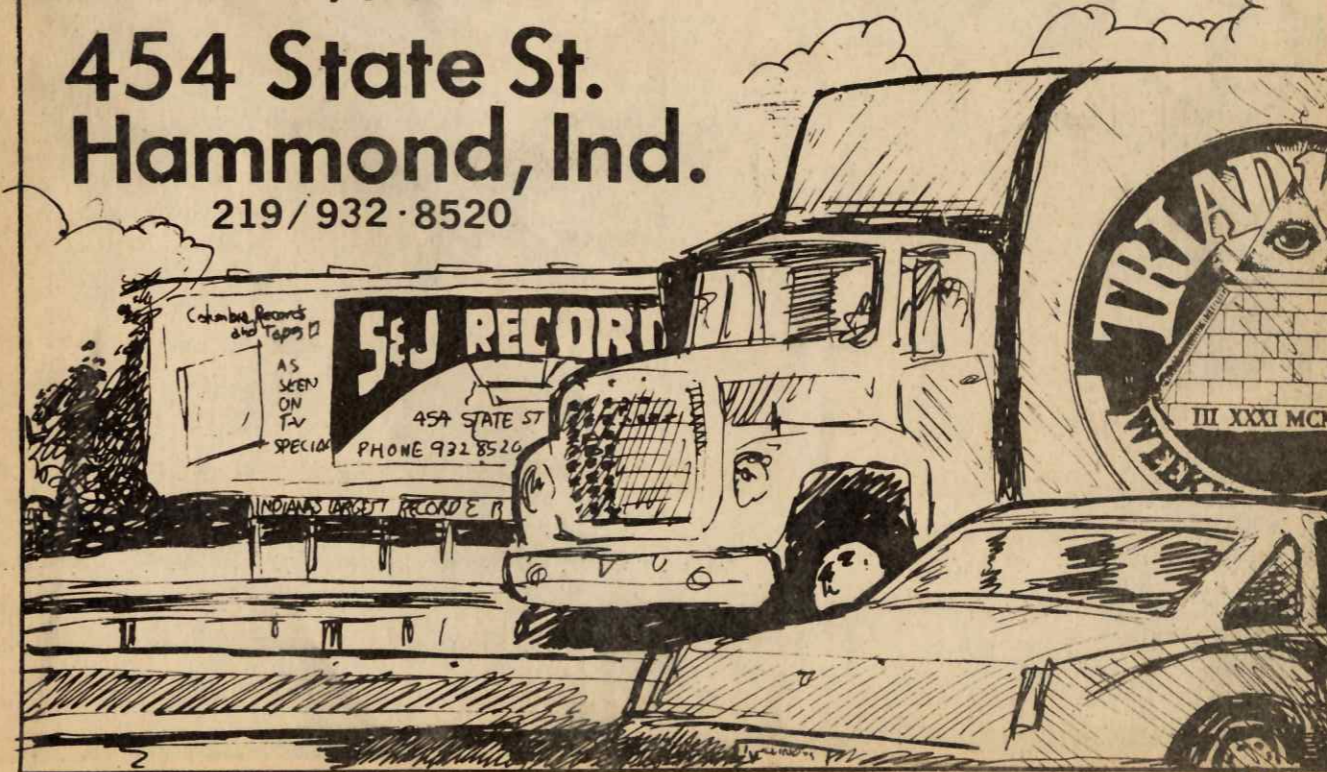


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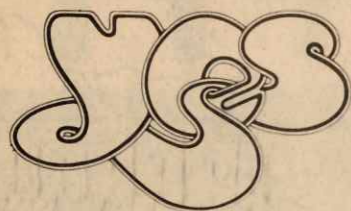
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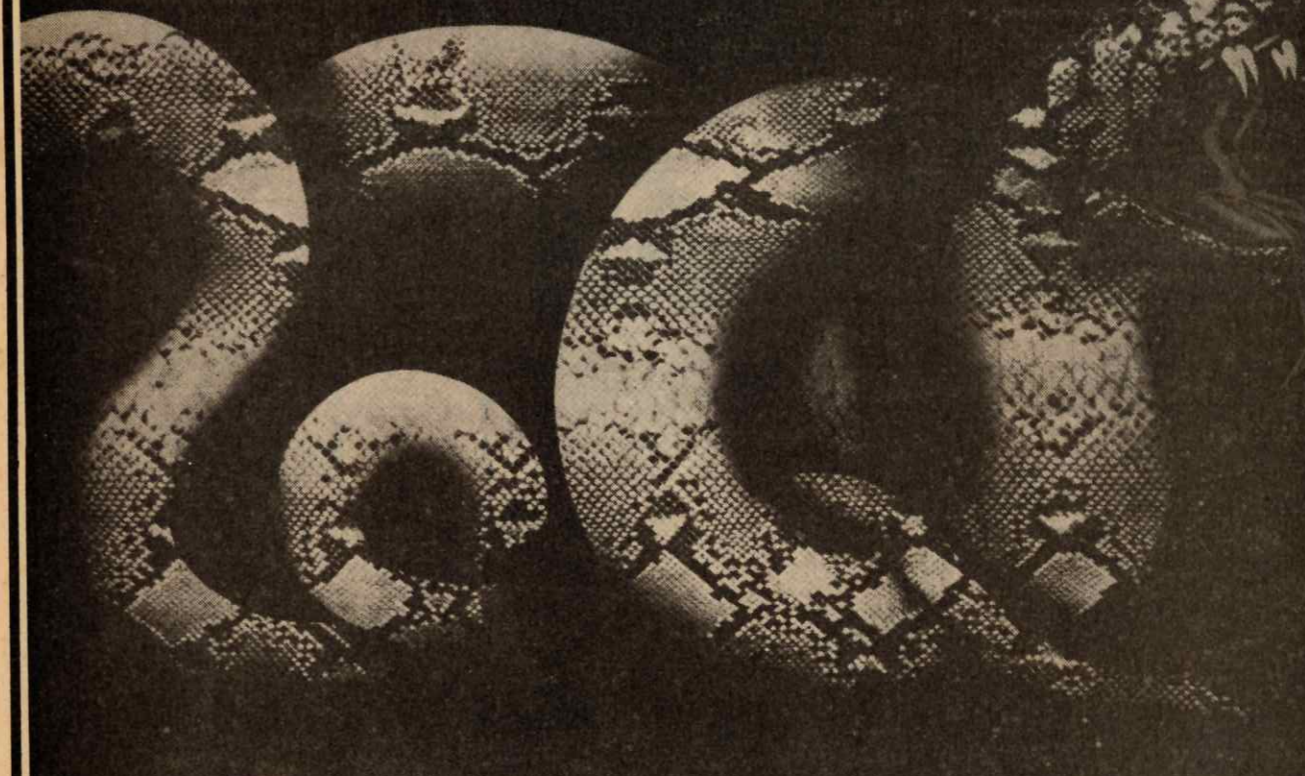
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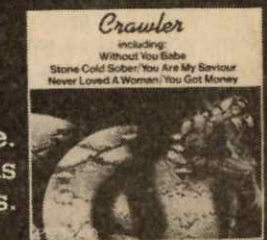
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Ain't it true that all things come to those who wait? Take yourself, the faithful TRIAD reader for example. Now, I know you were told we'd be taking July off and reappearing in August, but that clearly didn't happen. Here it is time for school again, and TRIAD is finally landing once again in your favorite rock and roll depot, and some other places you never thought to look. It's only fair then, that you be brought up to date on what is happening.

Basically everything here is new. I'm new (Patrick having gone to search for blood, money, and the American Rock Dream), the management is new, the art department is new (can't you tell - Mark, you're doing a hell of a job), and the radio format is new. Hate to be catty, but we're back. . . and better than ever. TRIAD, the magazine, has undergone a minor metamorphosis thanks to Bruce Meyer as you will soon find out. We'd like to think that our streamlined look and music concentration will be welcome changes. It seems that what were once vices are now habits, and rock and roll is one of the best habits to have.

You can look forward to a great many insightful articles on the country's top national talent, but let me tell you one thing; we are determined to bring you the latest on the Chicago music scene (as soon as we find it), and who's more qualified to do that? Similarly there are plans to bring you news on what the rest of our fair nation is doing musically, with reports from N.Y., Boston, Atlanta - really anywhere there are rock critic types willing to expound for a Chicago medium. And there's more ideas where that came from. The more I drive, the more I think (and I love to drive).

IN THIS ISSUE, born of blood, sweat, and Ziggy's hot dogs, we hear from the mysterious G. Alonzo Oeuf on his Swiss sojourn with the classical survivors of rock. Yes; it's a chilling tale (snow,

Alps, get it?) of being in the right place at the right time. The Beatles were in town not too long ago (in spirit at least), and little Mindy from Pepperland has provided us with a fan's-eye view of the whole thing. The elusive Jackson Browne opened up a bit for our own Mr. Meyer, and I managed to brave the new wave to talk with Stranglers, discovering that the only thing they're threatening is the current musical ennui.

As far as regular features go, Grant Wylie returns with his cosmic predictions of the world situation and your own personal lives (according to the heavens, and they rarely lie), and R. Meltzer has yet to be contacted (does anyone know where he is?) so it may be awhile before we find out what's going on in the city they call Los Angeles. (Not to worry; they usually don't realize what's going on themselves until about a week after it happens.) Adele Swins-Terner will return with "Jazz, Once A Month," Dr. Ganja shall emerge from a cloud of ganja smoke whenever needed, and Keith Taylor's "Bar-Flys" will provide a slightly warped look at insects, singles (are they necessarily exclusive?) and watering hole etiquette that everyone pokes fun at (but eventually succumbs to).

NEXT TIME OUT looks to be a pretty local affair what with Cary Baker's report on the latest antics of Cheap Trick (the band without a history), the Hounds, and at this point a toss up between Styx and Chicago; whatever makes it to my desk first I guess. So keep your eyes open on the second and fourth Fridays of every month (if we can keep our eyes open there'll be magazines to be had on those days), and even though Barbara Birdfeather's appearances in the mag are to be limited, I can leave you with some of her sound advice - just remember to turn the volume up!

Bill Paige

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Editor
Bill Paige

Art Director
Mark Hoedebecke

Executive Editor
Bruce Meyer

General Manager
Meyer Shwarzstein

Ass't. Art Director
Jorie Gracen

Arts Editor
Charles W. Pratt

Contributors
Cary Baker
Robin Cook
Mindy Goldenberg
Mark Guncheon
Beth Segal

Production Staff
Christine Miller
Miles D. Okumura
Keith Taylor

Photo Contributors
Jorie Gracen
Dan Kompass
Photo Reserve
Dean Simmon

Advertising Sales
Brad Levy
Dan Kompass

Program Director
Don Bridges

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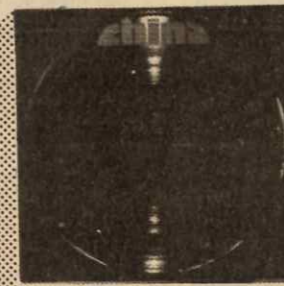
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COLOSSEUM II
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GARY TOMS
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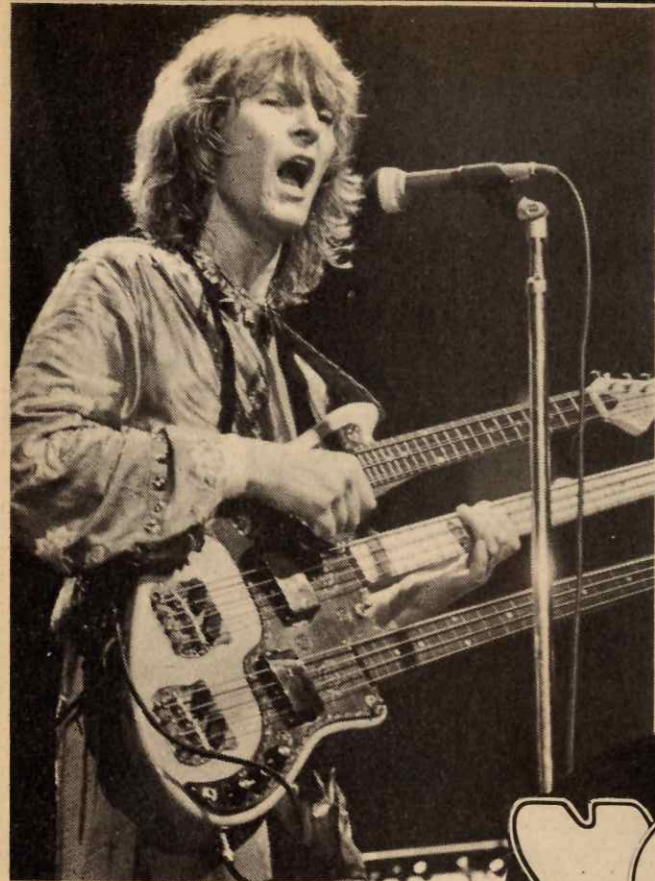
RICKY WEST AND NORTH SOUTH EAST
Ricky West, one of the original founders of Kool & The Gang, has formed his own group, North South East.

ROGER DALTRY ONE OF THE BOYS



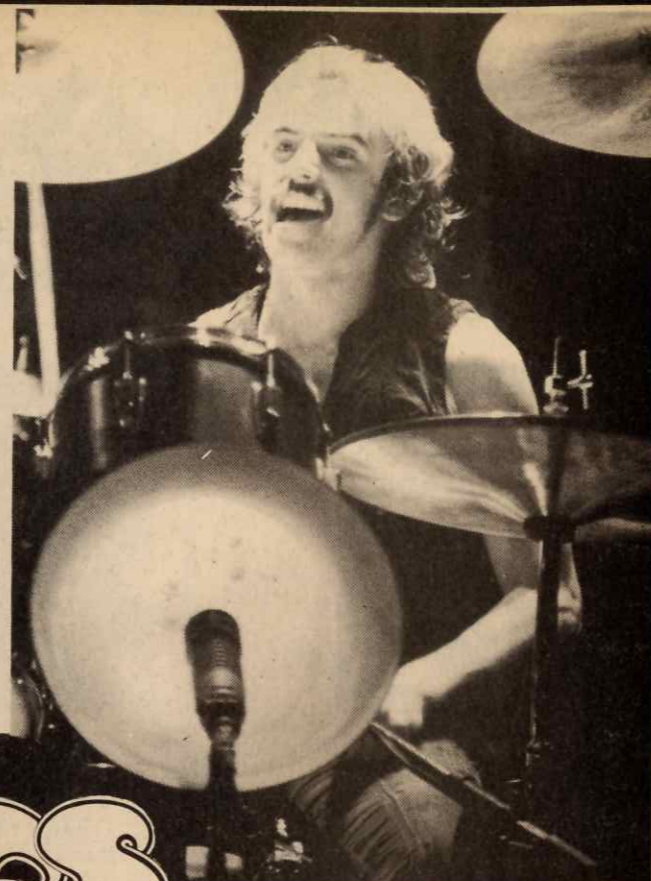
ROGER DALTRY
Roger Daltrey's latest solo effort, "One Of The Boys," the album that the rock world has been clamoring for.

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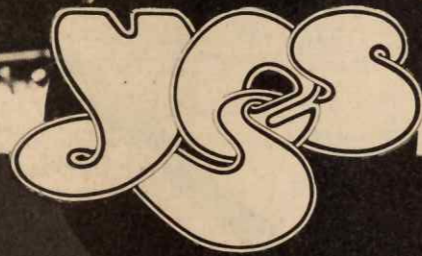
Chris Squire

Jon Anderson

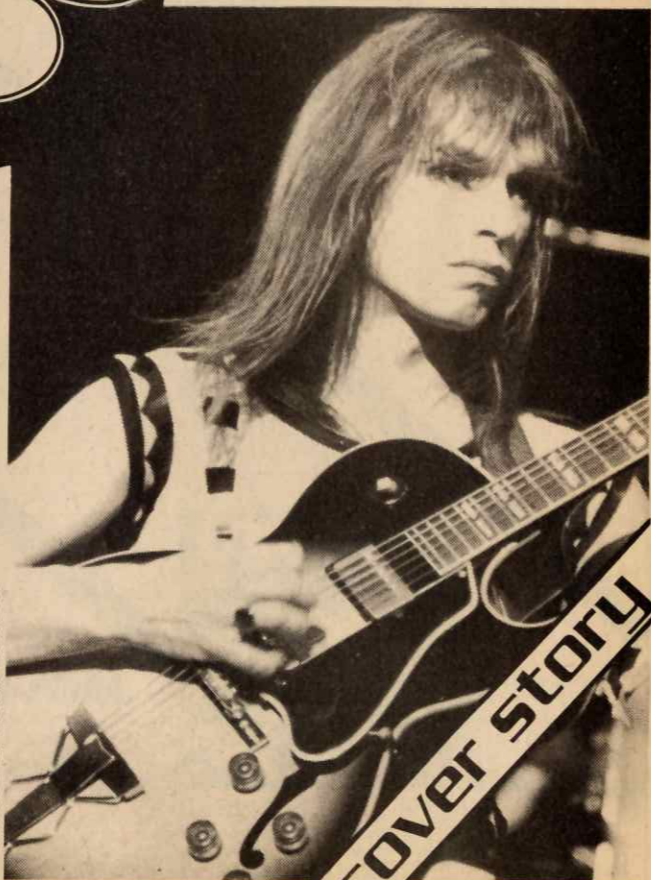


Alan White

Steve Howe



PHOTOS BY DEAN SIMMON



COVER STORY

A Question of Balance? **YES!**

BY G. ALONZO OEUF

It wasn't quite a year ago. The date is imprecise, but the location is both known — and well known; famous. It was at Mountain Studios, a two-story structure hunkered down among the Alps in Montreux, Switzerland.

Yes were climbing the stairs, and smiling.

Or, rather, Jon Anderson and Chris Squire were grinning and Alan White had that absent little upturn of the mouth and Steve Howe — well, Steve was smiling inside, at least. And, of course, Rick Wakeman was smiling broadly, that easy smile that sets him apart from the rest of the band and is likely as important a reason for his personal popularity within the group as his justly applauded keyboard wizardry.

There was good reason for that communal smile; the old magic was back. The five of them, without planning or working at or even expecting such an outcome, were back together as Yes once more and suddenly the whole thing seemed to make sense.

It's funny, because no one ever said, "Hey, let's put the *old* Yes back together," because it was like the five of them had never been apart. Technically, there was only one change in personnel — substituting Wakeman for Patrick Moraz on keyboards. The others will tell you they never left, so how could they come back?

Yet for two years, there had been only the *touring* band called Yes. The lineup that incorporated Moraz had produced just one album of new material, *Relayer*, and that had been released at the close of 1974.

So Yes existed on stage and on the itinerary sheets, but for true fans, the band was fragmented. Each member chose his time and recorded a solo LP, and each was seemingly less successful in the marketplace than the one that preceded it. The group's legions learned that one Yesman does not necessarily make the same kind of music he would have within the fragile structure of the artist of art-rock.

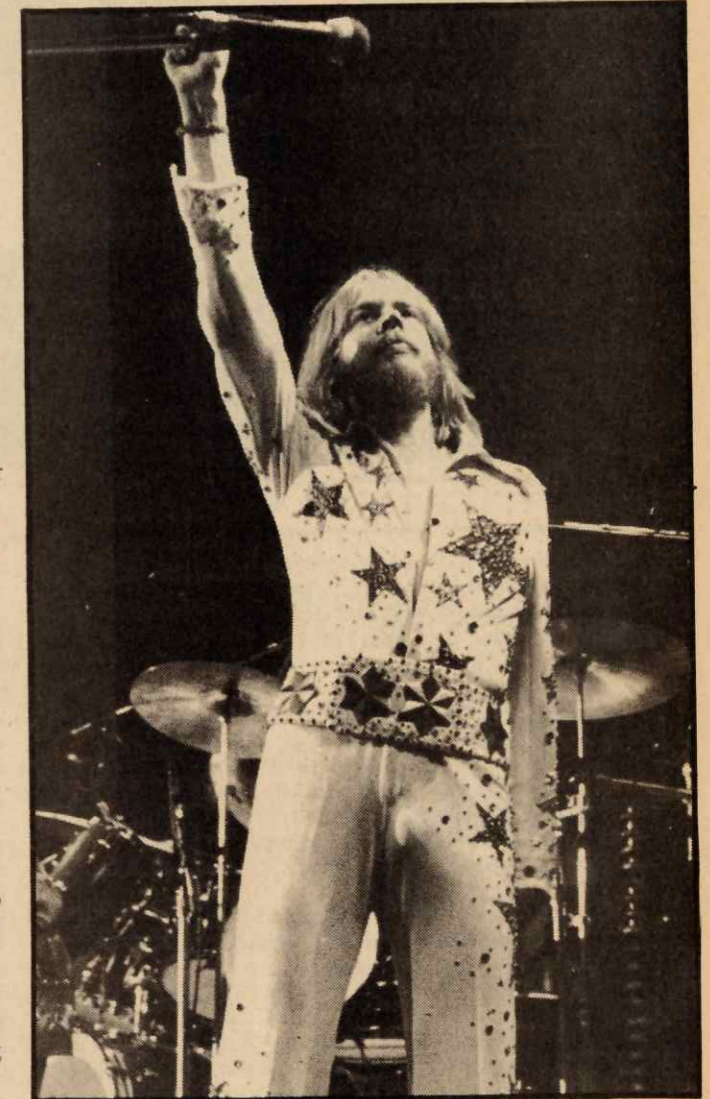
So Yes were smiling, going up the stairs from the studio, because suddenly (*very* suddenly) Wakeman had come to the studio not to rejoin the band, but merely to play a kind of sessionman's role in the creation of *Going For The One* the puzzle pieces fit once again and all seemed right with the world.

In retrospect, was the two-year hiatus between new studio albums valuable for Yes? Vocalist Anderson, for one, thinks so.

"Over the last couple of years," he says, "we've been finding out a lot about what we can see as our future. In no way did we mean to put our audience under the impression that we weren't together. We've been very together, ever since we started, really. So over the past couple of years we decided, jointly, to do our solo work, just to see what areas would open up for Yes. And when we came together to do the new album, we had quite a lot of experience at finding out what each guy in the band can achieve on his own."

It was, from Anderson's viewpoint, a matter of giving everyone his head, an effort to freshen the Yes outlook. Almost as if the Yesmen were building a new band, with the same people.

"We felt that it (the "break-up" to do solo work) would strengthen our individual attitudes toward music — and also bring a lot of experience that was gained by doing the work we did, back into the band. And now, of course, it's on a different level



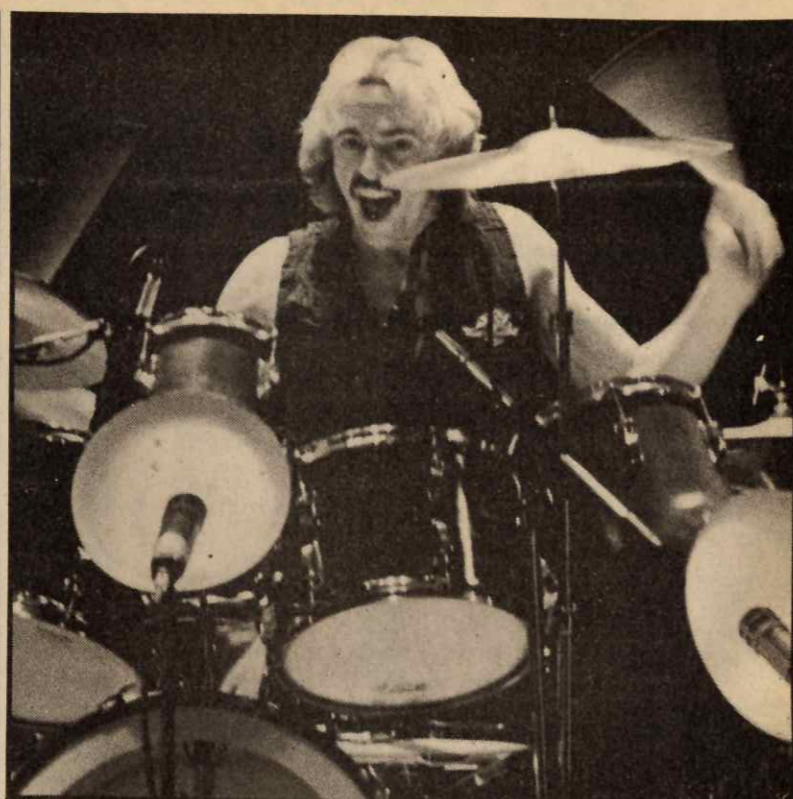
Rick Wakeman

PHOTO BY DEAN SIMMON

now. Say we want to make music away from the band, it's not such a strenuous thing. It's something we've already done."

Having experienced the freedom of solo recording — and feeling free to do it again should the spirit come upon them, the Yesmen were ready, after more than two years, to resume recording new material in the studio together.

Front-row center. A very young girl wearing a very small halter top, a very illegal smile and very little else stares limpidly into the shifting colors on the stage. Rarely blinking, never glancing toward her fidgeting male companion, she murmurs softly to herself.



PHOTOS BY DAN KOMPASS

The music is far too loud to permit the sound of her voice to carry. But under the circumstances, lip-reading is little challenge. She is repeating a single word, over and over.

"Yes," she says. "Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes."

The musicians onstage take no notice — probably they can't even see her. But by now they know she is there, she and the others filling the hall and all the other halls, past and future. It may not be rock 'n' roll, but they love it.

Yes take their music very seriously and the ever-inventive and hyphen-prone journalists invent terms like progressive-rock and classical-rock to encompass their branch of the current musical crazy quilt. Whatever the label, Yes' complex and highly structured music has struck a sympathetic note for American audiences.

Oddly, members of the band (some of them, at least) saw their approach to rock as a kind of reaction to simpler American music — a return to older, sophisticated roots.

"I don't think English bands have the heritage that American bands have," Anderson once said. "Consequently they try to make up the leeway, and what comes out of it is possibly a European heritage — say, involvement in classical structures. Whereas American bands are very heavily into the origins of rhythm and blues, country and western and so on."

Yes began in London in December of 1968. Anderson had returned from working in Germany and came upon some musicians who shared his serious approach to pop music — a rarity in England, Emerson, Lake and Palmer notwithstanding.

The initial lineup consisted of Anderson, Bill Bruford (drums), Chris Squire (bass), Tony Kaye (keyboards) and Peter Banks (guitars). After reasonable success on the rough-and-tumble British club circuit, they were signed to Atlantic Records and released their first album, *Yes*.

The English rock press loved the album — and loved its successor, *Time and a Word*, even more. The response in the States was positive though hardly ecstatic.

Then Steve Howe replaced Banks on guitar and with the next LP, *The Yes Album*, the band began to define the style that would lead down the proverbial road to success. And with popularity on the rise, Yes made the personnel change that made all the difference; keyboard prodigy Rick Wakeman replaced Kaye. It was the start of the band's most creative and tumultuous period.

One the one hand, Wakeman's talented fingers helped produce what is still the definitive Yes album, *Fragile*. On the other, his natural solo-copping and scene-stealing tendencies caused internal strife.

"It took me a year and a half to feel like a part of the group," Wakeman says. "I was used to playing leads and taking solos with the Strawbs. Then, when I joined Yes, I found myself in a band where no one even talked about taking a solo. Jon and I were at each other's throats every five minutes."

Although things gradually calmed down, Wakeman never really felt completely comfortable within the relatively rigid structures of Yes' music and after contributing to three more albums (of which only *Close To The Edge* was an artistic success), he departed to carry on with an already-successful solo career.

Wakeman's replacement, Patrick Moraz, inevitably attracted less attention than the flamboyant Wakeman, though for a time it seemed that his style — both musically and personally fit the band better. Certainly *Relayer*, the only studio collection to which Moraz contributed as a full-fledged Yesman, was more successful as a complete work than the muddled and pretentious *Tales From Topographic Oceans*, the last LP that had featured Wakeman.

But somehow Moraz' very ability to blend in with Yes left audiences hungry for a bit more individuality within the sometimes rigid structure that was Yes. The band's response was a splintering, a series of solo albums that left much of the established Yes audience wondering what had happened to its sophisticated heroes.

When Wakeman returned so abruptly in that studio in Switzerland, it represented a whole new beginning for Yes — and the first really potent collection of Yes music since *Close To The Edge* was released in 1973. This was the Yes American audiences knew and loved.

Yet if there is one point about *Going For The One* that appears unanimous among critics, music industry types and others who are supposed to know such things, it is that this new record represents a step away from the experimental and more toward the basic structure of pop music for Yes. But Anderson does not entirely agree with that assessment.

"In some ways," he says, "there's a lot of experimentation in the album. We spent a lot of time making two pieces of music — the whole of the album was a kind of excursion — but 'Turn of the Century' and 'Awaken' are something new for us. With 'Awaken' we have a very interesting piece of music, that's sort of a combination of all the years we've been together. It has a very high momentum and it's fashioned out of all the music we've done over the years."

Complexity has always been one of Yes' strong points; complexity and the talent of making it all seem simple. Certainly in pieces of music like "Awaken" and the older, more familiar "Starship Trooper" the complexity of the Yes approach is apparent. Yet the two works are strikingly divergent in their approach and effect on the audience.

"'Awaken' may have the same feeling to it as 'Starship Trooper,' but it's a different approach. Where 'Starship Trooper' was — at the time — pretty complicated, or at least it *seemed* complicated, even though it isn't. But what comes out of 'Awaken' is . . . well, it's complicated any way you put it together, but it doesn't *sound* like it."

So the past two years may have not, after all, been in vain for true-blue Yes freaks; all that solo work may indeed have put some guts back into Yes' music.

But one can't help remembering with some irony, something Steve Howe said a good while back — before Wakeman left, before the solo albums were recorded.

"In 20 years time," he said, "I'd like to think that our music will still be remembered. If it is, it will be because the music we created together was a little more worthwhile than the music we created separately."

Yes.



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YES at the AMPITHEATER

What can you say about a band that possesses that rarest of talents — the ability to sound better in concert than they do on wax? How do you describe a group that somehow touches the cosmic pleasure center of your mind, and sends its fans through gates of delirium? The group is England's Yes, and at this fall's first concert at the Amphitheatre they more than aptly demonstrated that they are still one of rock's premiere attractions.

Backed by a translucent nylon spiderweb, the group opened with "Parallels," a Chris Squire composition that displayed the combined symmetry of his bass and keyboardist Rick Wakeman's playing. Moving through such oldies as "Close to the Edge," "Your Move," and the song that made Yes a household word, "Roundabout," the group made it clear they had come to play, and to give a show that they were proud of.

Wakeman made no mistake that he is definitely back after a hiatus which included six solo lp's and some miscellaneous production work. His mastery of the keyboard and various electronic aids was an able complement to the other fine musicianship on stage. His eccentric reputation and comedic flair added a welcome note of lightheartedness to the whole proceeding. His presence on stage, a little to the right, a little above the action, accurately defined his present relationship to Yes.

Vocalist and leader of the band, Jon Anderson, played an array of instruments including acoustic guitar and harp. He has grown even more powerful on stage, having mastered several instruments during the recording of his solo Olias of Sunhillow lp. True and clear as ever, Anderson's voice is an instrument itself; his control and range continues to astound.

Lead guitarist Steve Howe was armed to the teeth with every kind of axe known to man. His arsenal included several custom-made guitars along with a lute and electric sitar which he piloted through "Turn of the Century."

Unfortunately, bassist Squire did not have as many opportunities to demonstrate what he knows about his instrument as he has in the past. Thus, this audience missed out on seeing his innovative stylizing which has won him the praise of numerous other bass players. However, one of the highlights of the evening was the duel with Howe during "Starship Trooper."

Alan White was the perfect drummer; unobtrusive but quite decidedly there at all times, adding explosive color and drive wherever needed.

A band that can send fans and fantasy lovers alike into fits of ecstasy is a band important to the future of rock music. On this tour, Yes is quickly regaining its place at the forefront of rock and roll. It's sure good to see them back.

B.J. Greer

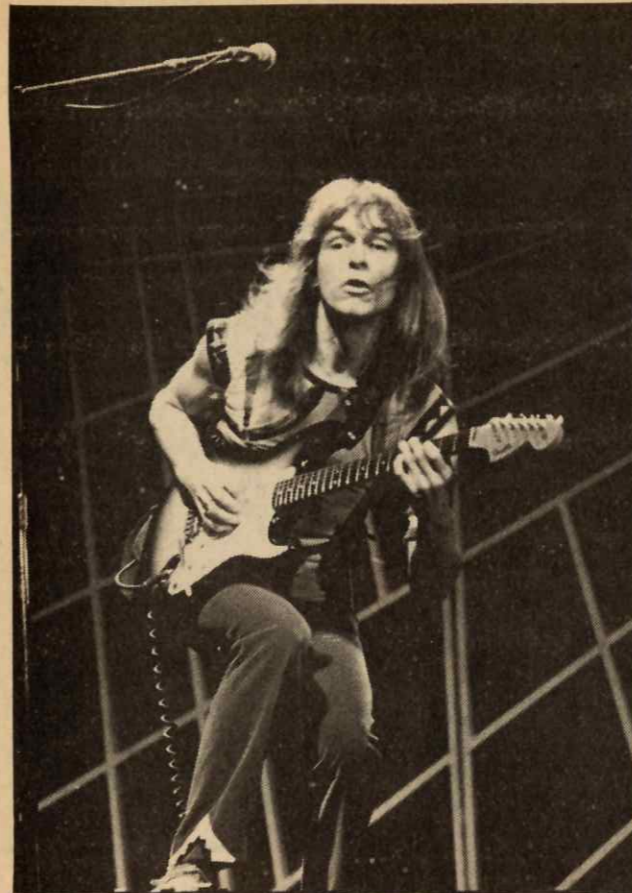


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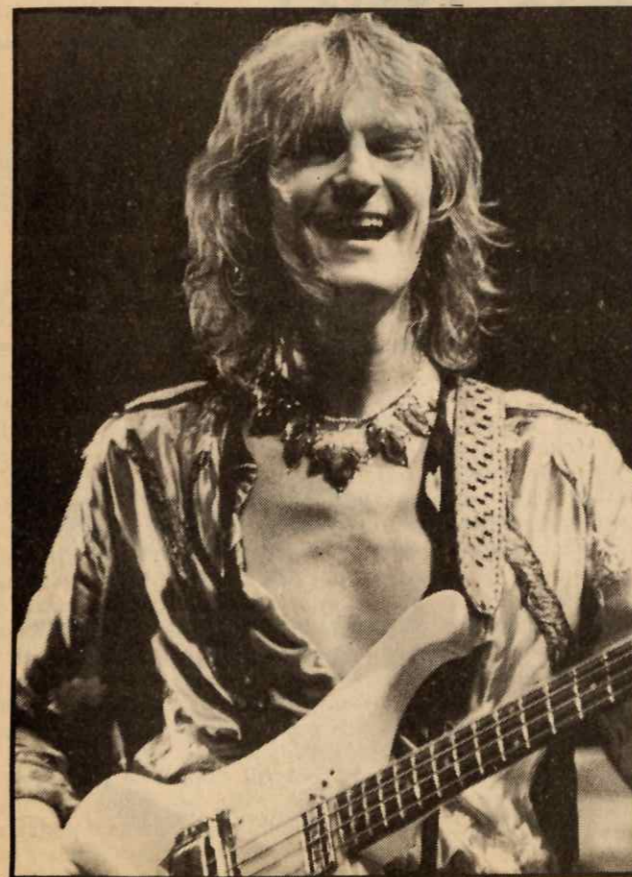


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Hanging Around With

the Stranglers

BY BILL PAIGE

Night streets. A depressing grey mist settles on the cobblestone corners of London, and the nocturnal message of the streets reverberates with deceiving intensity. The rat scratching for food becomes a murdering intruder. A child's squeal becomes the scream of a victim. The rhythm of Big Ben becomes the footstep of... the strangler.

The byword of the new wave seems to be violence. Stories crossing the Atlantic describe in great detail the latest anti-antics of Britain's new rock bad boys, always placing emphasis on whatever bottle tossing or body maiming was in evidence. The spirit of punk is not completely centered on violence, however, and England's self-proclaimed "oldest new wave band", the Stranglers, recently visited stateside to scout some concert

venues for an upcoming tour, and at the same time, set the record straight.

Sitting with drummer Jet Black, a portly 40-ish bloke who could most easily be confused with the groups namesake, it was revealed that while the Stranglers think of themselves as nothing special, they maintain that what they are doing is different and important.

"It got to the point where nobody was playing for the kids anymore," complained Jet. "To go out and see a good band and have fun costs more money than the kids have. We like to play gigs where the kids can come and get good and pissed, er... excuse me, drunk, for a pound or two. We want them to have a great time dancing and getting their frustrations out in the music. But the most important thing is that everyone who wants to should be able to come out and see us."

Last year the Stranglers played almost 200 dates, and reactions to their show have been as diverse as the music itself. At first there were violent criticisms; dissatisfied customers taking their malcontent out on property and other patrons. Gradually though, the fans warmed to the point of merely walking out if they didn't care for what was being created on stage. They opened a series of Patti Smith concerts in England ("She was a bit of a snob," recalls Black. "Her band was alright though.") and with that tour came into their own as proponents of a new sound that was bubbling under all over the countryside.

With no small amount of pride, each individual Strangler will point out the fact that all of the current rage punkers were at one time or another members of their audience. They would see guys from

the Pistols, the Clash, and the Damned at their gigs, and then one by one, their own bands started popping up.

"It's a little strange," admits Jet, "because sometimes those bands are not too musical. We can play. That's why everyone should go out and buy lots of Stranglers records." So much for anarchy and the art of merchandising.

The first album, *IV Rattus Norvegicus*, is a driving statement of sexism, emotional violence, and street survival. The Stranglers are a good deal less political in their music than many anti-establishment bands. Guitarist Hugh Cromwell (in a *Melody Maker* interview) asserted that they refuse to ignore their responsibility to challenge the government.

"There is no good in a system unless there is an anti-system which is threatening it all the time... youth can be a watchdog, its the voice of discontent. We feel part of it." Bassist Jean Burnel carried the point to its material applications; "At one point we couldn't afford to buy clothes from the King's Road. Now that we can afford to we're certainly not going to."

Every analysis of the record so far has included strong comparisons with the Doors. Keyboardist Dave Greenfield reportedly has never really listened to the Doors music though, until people started telling him that he was duplicating their sound. Certainly, songs like

"Sometimes" and "Princess of the Streets" carry with them a definite Doors feeling, and it would be extremely curious if Greenfield did develop his style as indepently as he claims.

"The most important thing is that everyone who wants to should be able to come out and see us."

The common denominator of rock coming full circle in only a decade? Not a likely happening, but just how hard is it to imagine Morrison singing... "She's no lady, she'll stab you in the back/She's no lady, she's a princess of the pack." The thematic similarities are more than mere coincidence, presenting solid evidence to the idea that an across the board revolution of thought is always taking place somewhere. The easiest way to be heard and not censored is in song, and when the Stranglers cease being relevant with their marriage of ideas and music, they promise to step aside and make room for the new revolutionaries.

At least a second album is finished though, and the Stranglers (along with producer Martin Rushent) predict that society will be in such a state of flux for the next few years that they'll have things to say for a while. *Stranglers II*

(or whatever they decide to call it) will include such concert favorites as "School Marm," "Change," and "I Feel Like a Wog," and the band hopes to bring their music to America sometime before winter. They are encountering a situation, however that compromises their ideals.

"The problem is," muses Black, "that we won't play any halls that have seats in them, or any place that holds more than about 3000 people. We have to get the audience with us, jumping about, having a good time, or else we can't play. There'd be no reason for it."

One wonders if the Stranglers will hold out for lower ticket prices as well. Naive as it is to think that the music business in America can be flexible, the Stranglers are determined to play here on their own terms. Sadly, the record companies, promoters and radio stations are seldom in it for the kids, and the Stranglers could be in for more compromise than they bargained for.

Can the Stranglers music be relevant to the oppressions and frustrations of America's youth? Will the new wave become an accepted vehicle here for the expression of discontent and violence? Tune in next week and find out the answers to these and many other poignant questions, and in the meantime, beware of the Stranglers.

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LET IT BEATLE



TEXT BY MINDY GOLDENBERG

PHOTOS BY JORIE GRACEN

a celebration of Mop-Top mania

Aaron Copeland once said "When asked to recreate the mood of the 60's, people will play Beatle music." Only at a Beatle convention does it become obvious that the 60's have intruded into the 70's, creating new obsessions and lifestyles for those who came of age then and for others who were still watching Bozo's circus.

Beatlefest, held at the Palmer House August 19 and 20, was a weekend filled with films, speakers, photos, music and memorabilia designed to sate the appetite of the avid Beatlemaniac. More than that, it served to reaffirm the spirit of the 60's; music as anti-business, a counterculture bond, a liberating experience. Just about all the people in attendance were united by a sense of ennui directed towards the music of the Seventies.

"We seem to be returning to the 50's out of musical boredom," said Karen Moore, 24. "Disco is so inane and punk rock is too simplistic."

"The 70's has produced no music of note yet and I don't have much hope that it will." Said Beth Gibbs, 21. "I mean, what can you expect from a decade whose new Beatles are the Bay City Roller?"

The problem is that rock music is simply big business now, more concerned with copyright and royalties than innovation. If

Steve Miller's music is marred by the constant chorus of cash registers adding up album sales, it is partially because the Beatles led us there by dissolving the most creative group in popular music. No replacement can be found, although Elton John, Peter Frampton and Led Zeppelin are making a good attempt, and so the Beatle legend grows to immense proportions.

Even John Lennon, the man who declared "I don't believe in Beatles" seven years ago, has not been able to resist the power of the mystique. He helped Mark Lapidos, producer and promoter of the Beatlefest extravaganzas, stage the very first one in 1974. When Lapidos approached him with the idea of having a convention to commemorate the Beatles' 10th anniversary in America, Lennon offered items for auction, saying "I'm all for it, I'm a Beatle fan too."

Beatle fans are a diverse lot, numbering among their ranks both Lennon and Ringo Starr, superfans like Lapidos who make careers out of Beatlemania, ex-post-facto fans who were celebrating their third birthday when the Beatles landed at Kennedy Airport, and Everyfans who grew up with John, Paul, George and Ringo, and are likely to wear t-shirts with "Disco Sucks" emblazoned boldly across the front. Put them all together for two days of nothing but Beatle events and a curious phenomenon

occurs. The most conservative fans become less so, astonished and caught up in the fanaticism of the superfans, who in turn grow more manic by the hour.

"It was kind of sad, really, to see so many people whose whole lives are centered around individuals who really couldn't care less about the whole thing," said Dave Moore, 23, who's been immersed in Beatle music for 10 years. "I enjoyed the films a lot but I'd rather see them without the incessant clapping and singing along by people who can't sing as well as the Beatles."

For others, though, the screaming, singing and popping flash bulbs were a welcome return to the tumultuous days of Beatlemania. "This is probably the only place where people clap before every scene as well as after," said one fan.

Although the Beatle memorabilia sold in the flea market for highly inflated prices usually garners the most publicity, it is the six hours of movies each day that the conventioners most enjoy. For some, it rekindles their earliest Beatle memories, while others, seeing them for the first time, marvel at the sheer craziness of it all. For everyone, it is a slice of Beatle history, an invaluable aid that helps chronicle the many phases the Beatles passed through.

Wings' 1975 British tour, John singing "Slippin' and Slidin'" and "Stand By Me" for British television and Ringo lip-synching "Only You" from the top of Capitol Towers in California were all met with enthusiasm by their respective fans.

"This is a great return to the old days when the question wasn't 'do you like the Beatles', because of course everyone did, but which Beatle do you like best?" said Pat Simmons, 28, who runs a Beatle fan club called *With A Little Help From My Friends*.

Some of the more vocal fans were there to be sure their fave mop-top got a vote of confidence. Only a few scattered screams were heard for Ringo, who's profile has remained pretty low since the breakup. Most vociferous were George and John fans, as if to compensate for their lessening popularity in the general public's eye. Paul was unsurprisingly the most favored, then and now. He dominated the survey taken at Beatlefest of favorite Beatle and post-Beatle music. "Hey Jude" and *Abbey Road* were the crowd's favorite single and album while "Maybe I'm Amazed" and *Band on the Run* ranked as the most popular post-Beatle music.

Younger fans particularly tend to know and like Paul, due to



BEATLE FANS DIG DEEP; A HIGH PRICE TO PAY FOR THAT MAGICAL MYSTERY NOSTALGIA TOUR.

Their first American concert in Washington D.C. gave the best look at the early impact of the group. Paul valiantly played emcee to a screaming horde that became hysterical every time he merely said "Thank you very much." The primitive conditions under which they performed then seem unbelievable in comparison with today's highly sophisticated technology. Each Beatle moved his own equipment between numbers while Ringo played drums on a podium so shaky that any minute he might have been swallowed up by the screamers below. One year later at Shea Stadium, the sheer immensity of the crowd and the resulting din amazed the audience, even those who had previously experienced a Beatle concert.

Classics of psychedelia, "Penny Lane," and "Strawberry Fields Forever" from 1967 showed the Beatles at their most creative and inaccessible period. Their evolution into a group with as much musical talent as charisma was evidenced in the 1968 film clips of "Hey Jude" and "Revolution". "Hey Jude" as performed on the David Frost show, featuring Paul singing the blues while surrounded by dozens of people chanting the "na-na-na's" is probably the best example of just how universal their music is. By the time "Let it Be" was released in 1969, the boys look scruffy and time-worn, a telling comment on the long and winding road they had traveled since the halcyon days of 1964.

Post-Beatle music was shown too. Film clips of Paul and

his frequent appearance on the singles charts and recent concert tour. Unfortunately, "Wings Over America" paled in comparison to the Beatle concerts. Still, Paul managed to create a pleasant nostalgic placebo for those who are too young to remember.

"I wish I could have been around for the 1964-65 period," lamented Penny Graham, 16, "and seen what it was like. To be there for the Sullivan show and the concerts would have been fantastic."

Her friend Cheryl Lichter, also 16, concurred. "When we first saw "Hard Day's Night" on television, we were so excited we had to bite our nails to keep from screaming and waking the whole house up. But it must have been great to see it when it first came out. Their personalities are so different; no one's ever given me that same feeling," she said.

On the other hand, the flea market was a cold reminder of just how high the price of nostalgia is. Memorabilia of every conceivable type was laid neatly on dozens of tables, and was purchased by both dealers and fans. Beatle buttons, pins, dolls, games, magazines, stationery, sneakers and records abounded. Beatle lunchboxes were priced at anywhere for \$20 to \$50, while a "Flip Your Wig" game went for \$20. An original album containing the Beatles' Christmas messages to their fans from 1963-70 was

priced at \$50 and eagerly bought. Thousands of record trades and sales were consummated, with original singles on the Tollie and Vee-Jay labels the rarest and therefore the most valuable, some having a value of up to \$25.

But the item which made most collector's eyes light up with glee remained the original "butcher cover" from the *Yesterday and Today* album. First released in 1966, and featuring the Beatles with dismembered dolls a la Alice Cooper, it was immediately labeled tasteless and pulled off the market, replaced with a less objectionable cover of four very bored Beatles. An extremely tattered one was auctioned off for \$120, while one in perfect condition sells for as much as \$250.

Many fans were scornful of the "Beatles For Sale" philosophy of the flea market and auctions. Both older and younger fans alike felt that the music was the most significant thing about the Beatles, not trinkets or album covers.

"I wouldn't recommend record collecting as a hobby to anyone," said John Carlson, 22, who owns virtually every Beatle album and bootleg ever recorded plus the entire catalog of Apple releases. "Once you start, you have to own everything, and it's so damn expensive. But it's satisfying, and as valid a hobby as collecting stamps," he explained.

Pat Simmons states bluntly, "The commercialism is sickening. I'd much rather give something away than sell it for \$80. The sad thing is that 16-year-olds want these things as much as we did in the 60's, but where can they get the money to pay \$20 for a *Life* magazine worth 75 cents?"

The audience was also left un-impressed with the guest speakers, all authors of Beatle books. "They were there solely to plug their books, which is a bit exploitive," complained John Chapman, 23. "I also didn't feel they knew a whole lot more than me, yet they were being touted as the big Beatle experts."

Ron Schaumburg, author of *Growing Up With the Beatles*, a superficial account of the effect the Beatles had on his life, did seem at a loss to answer any of the questions asked by the audience. Wally Podrazik and Harry Castleman, authors of the first complete Beatles discography, *All Together Now*, fared better with their tape containing 30 versions of "Yesterday."

While the crowd hoarded enthusiasm for the authors, they heaped it upon the four-man band called Abbey Rhode. "They're not note-for-note perfect, but they've got the spirit," proclaimed one young girl dancing in the crowded aisle. The culmination of their 90 minute show was an appropriately moving version of "Hey Jude," which looked and sounded like a religious revival rock n' roll style.

The highlight of Beatlefest for many was not the plethora of events—look-alike and sound-alike contest, interview tapes, movies, speakers, door prizes, auctions, and films—but the spirit of kinship they felt with everyone there. "I feel like I'm finally among people who understand me; like I came home," enthused Lisa Williams, 22.

"This is reinstalling the meaning of the Beatles to me," said Rory Packer, 23. "They have been so important in my life, from the time I was 10 to now."

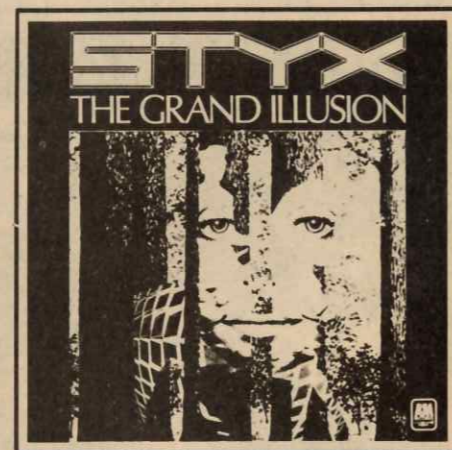
When asked to identify what it is about the Beatles that inspires such zealous loyalty, people flounder or manage to mouth pat phrases that are applicable to any legend from Beethoven to Presley. The insignificance of words like "broad appeal," "distinct personalities," "innovative music," "charisma," and "magic" is felt by every Beatle fan. Though thousands of words have been written about the Fab Four (mere attempts to capture and analyze their impact), only the hysterical, incoherent explanation of a teenage fan in 1964 can come even close.

"They were just like four boys, really great guys, and it didn't really hit me. But then you see them standing there singing, and I don't know what they do, they just . . . I can't explain it . . . but, ohhhhhh!"

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

△

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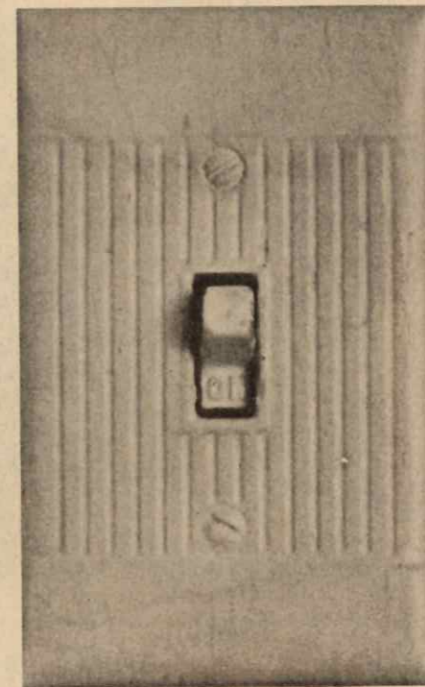
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JACKSON BROWNE

A Full Tank and Runnin' On Empty

BY BRUCE MEYER

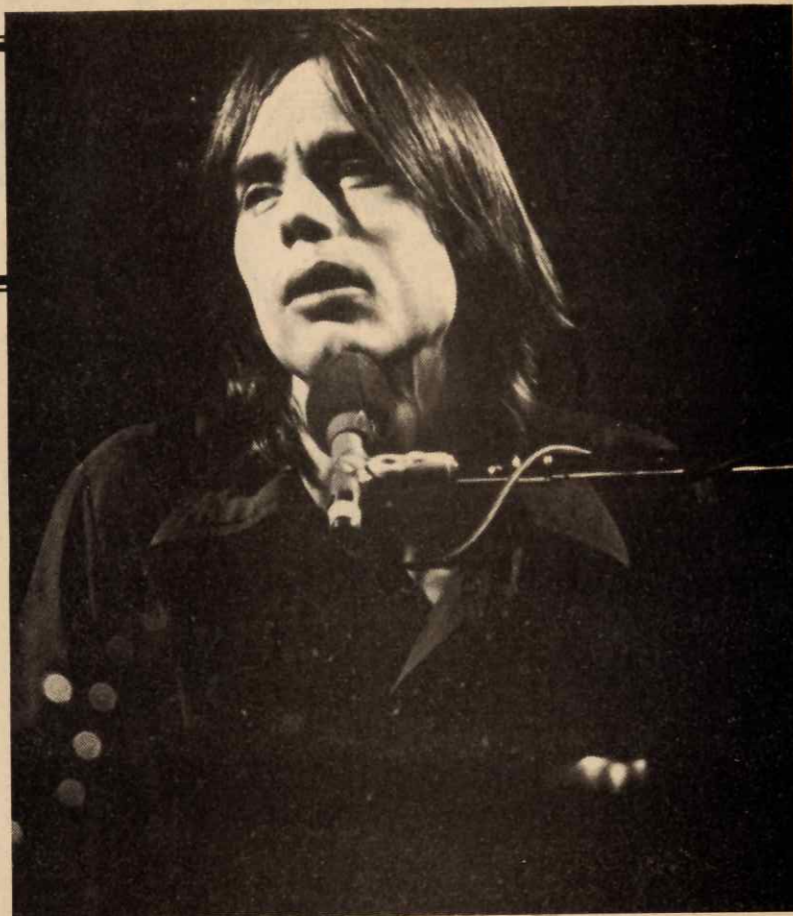


PHOTO RESERVE — J. V. III

Hard-core Beach Boys freaks aside, most people do a kind of mental double-take when they consider California music these days. Times have changed, and the Wilson brothers' surf and hot rod music has given way to the Eagles / Linda Ronstadt clan, whose 28-year-old patriarch is Jackson Browne.

Browne is certainly the best songwriter (some might get pretentious and say poet) of the current California school. His "Take It Easy" launched the Eagles on their phenomenal career and his songs, both human in lyric and gentle on the ear melodically, are recorded by innumerable other performers; they stand up readily to varied interpretations.

With the possible exception of Paul Simon, Jackson Browne is about the most successful and popular singer-songwriter in the world today — and he's now on tour, working on a new record project that could change the course of popular music and the way it is made. Could, if it works.

The following TRIAD interview was conducted by Executive Editor Bruce Meyer, backstage after Browne's most recent appearance at Ravinia.

TRIAD: You've been very busy lately, producing the second album for Warren Zevon and getting ready for this tour, yet you're looking good — much more relaxed and rested than last year. . .

Browne: Yeah. Well, the last time I went out, last year, we had about four days rehearsal and I was working all night and rehearsing in the daytime. Working all night to finish *The Pretender*. And finally, the last night of the mixdown, I went crazy. I was just dog-tired.

T: Still, you've been working hard this time, too. Is there any other reason why things are going better for you?

B: Well, this is the best band I've ever had. I'm touring with The Section, who are the best studio players in L.A. They're the guys who would have been playing for me if we'd recorded this album in a studio. I really think we're capturing some magic things.

(Ed. note: The Section consists of Danny Kortchmar, guitar; Craig Doerge, keyboards; Leland Sklar, bass, and Russ Kunkel, drums. Inveterate readers of album-jacket notes will recognize all of those names — they have played on literally dozens of hit albums.)

T: Okay, preliminaries aside, tell us about the forthcoming album, which we

already know is a new concept in live recording. . .

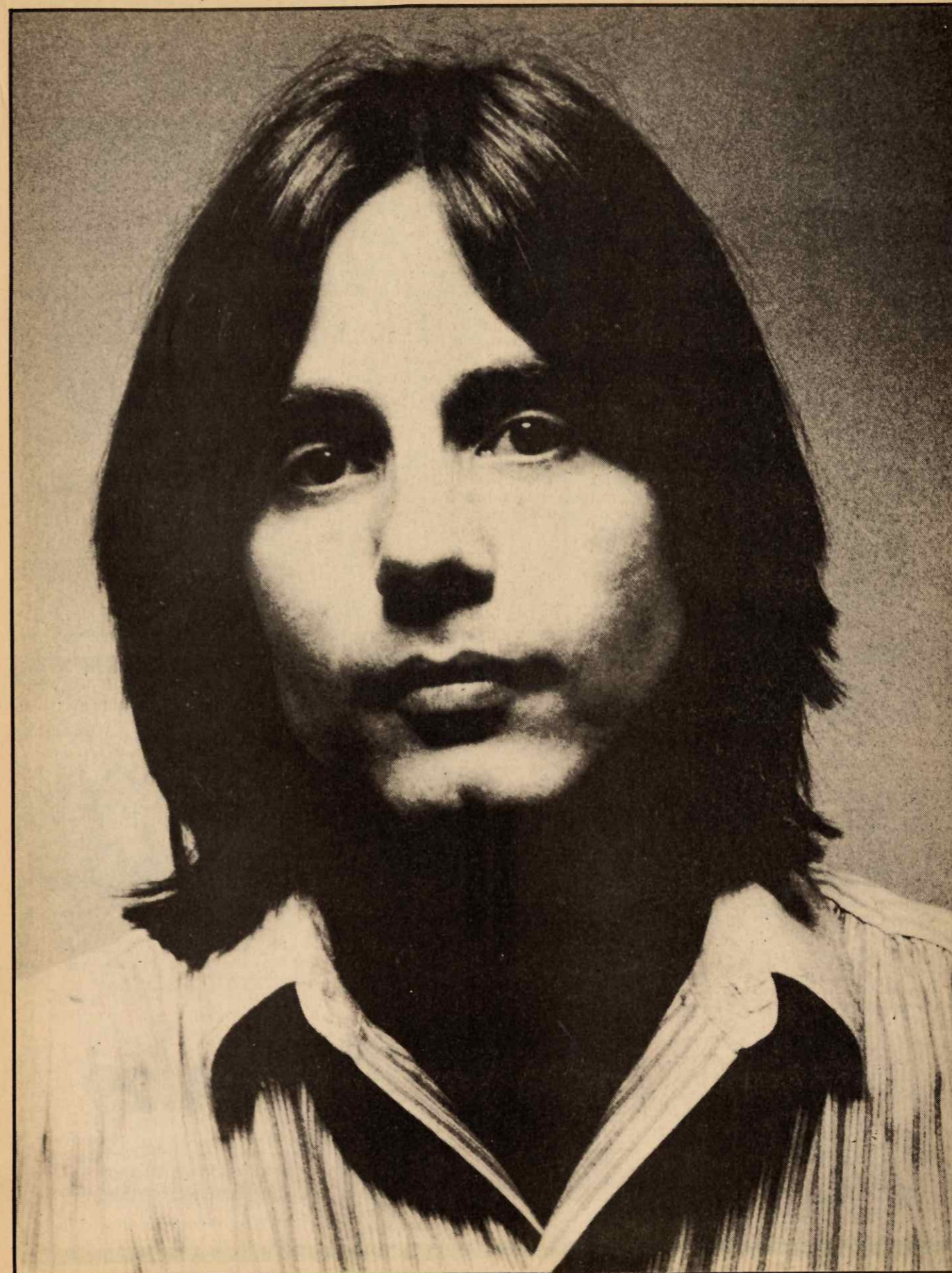
B: It's gonna be a live album. But it's gonna be a live album of *new* songs. The title is gonna be *Runnin' On Empty*, and there are many songs about the road. Anyway, it's gonna be my next album. So when we say live album, I want people to know — it's gonna have to be made plain that it's a new album. The title was originally gonna be *The Road In The Sky* and the idea was gonna be the same, but that might have suggested that it was old stuff (*because of Browne's LP Late For The Sky — Ed.*). I mean, these tunes, what we've got, we've put together around these people and this band and this experience. There just wasn't any room for the old songs.

T: Will it all be stage performances?

B: No, we've even recorded in our hotel rooms, and on the bus. We've got a machine that we carry with us everywhere. And I've got the guy who mixed my last album here on the road. We'd record rehearsals and he'd go back to the studio right after he got the tape out of the machine. He'd run right over to the studio and listen, he's so into it.

T: It's a sort of movie concept. . .

B: Yeah. In fact, we were planning



on making a movie of this. But I'm so glad we're not, because it would have been just that many more loads of equipment and more guys following us around. It's more interesting as a record than as a movie, anyway. Y'know — like, as applause dies down from the audience, you bring up the sound of the people on the bus with just an electric guitar and singing. But the thing is, they're all real, finished songs. It's not like we're singing old Beatles songs or something. We could do "Take It Easy" riding down the road in the bus, but I don't think that would be as valuable as the new song that we're working on called "24 Shows," which is a great instrumental tune. And who knows — we may even think up words for it.

T: You seem very happy with The Section and the audiences are receiving their particular blend of funk and fusion jazz well. Do you foresee a lengthy relationship with them?

B: That's a perceptive question, because the better these shows get and the more fun I have playing, the more I think, 'God, I just wouldn't want to go back to LA and put together a band.'

T: Your voice is sounding stronger than ever and you seem especially relaxed and comfortable . . .

B: Yeah. All in all, things are a lot better for me now.

T: Is it musical, or personal, or what?

B: I'd say it's both. I mean, not only

do I have a much better band, but I'm more together. These guys — the band — they're just better players than I've ever had on the road before and they really encourage each other, and me.

T: Since The Section seems intent on establishing an audience of its own, it seems to me you're really giving a helping hand. It's hard for an instrumental group to establish itself.

B: It's nice you said that, because I sort of feel the same way, but wouldn't want to bring it up. I feel like . . . well, I'm real uneducated about that kind of music y'know. But the more I hear it, I feel that members of my audience who, at the beginning of the set, find it very foreign, very hard to know. But by the end of the set, people understand and I think the Section is getting received very well. I always thank the audience when they've treated The Section well, because then I get a band that wants to play. If they've been treated, like, lukewarmly, then I gotta go out and really work to get them interested.

T: So the idea of this album is to combine sophisticated technology with studio-quality musicians in hopes of producing a studio-quality record in a live setting . . .

B: Exactly. With all new material. But I think we've really got a stacked deck here. I don't want to make any rash predictions, but I think it'll probably be the best-sounding live recording you'll

ever hear, without the sort of noise you're used to hearing on a live tape. Because we can, like, make it sound really tight like in a studio, or we can open it up, go to other mikes. . . and suddenly the vocal goes *vroooooom* and you get this echo, this huge thing.

T: It sounds like it ought to be an experience to listen to.

B: Yeah. And it'll work. I really feel this is the best situation I've ever been in . . .

T: Does that include the much-publicized "family" of musicians you're always hanging out with, the Eagles and Ronstadt and . . .

B: Yeah. We all play together a lot. And when these assholes in New York start yelling, "incest," man, I just want to — I don't know. Fuck it. It's a real, real good bunch of players, who all know each other and help each other. I look at it maybe like a city in Italy in the 16th Century, in which wonderful violins were made, made by this one and by that one. And the students of Stradivarius, y'know, have their own students. . . and I feel like there's a seed of something wonderful there with us, something wonderful happening.

T: To tell the truth, a lot of people already think it's happened.

B: Yeah. But it's gonna keep on happening, too.



CHICAGO SHA BOOM

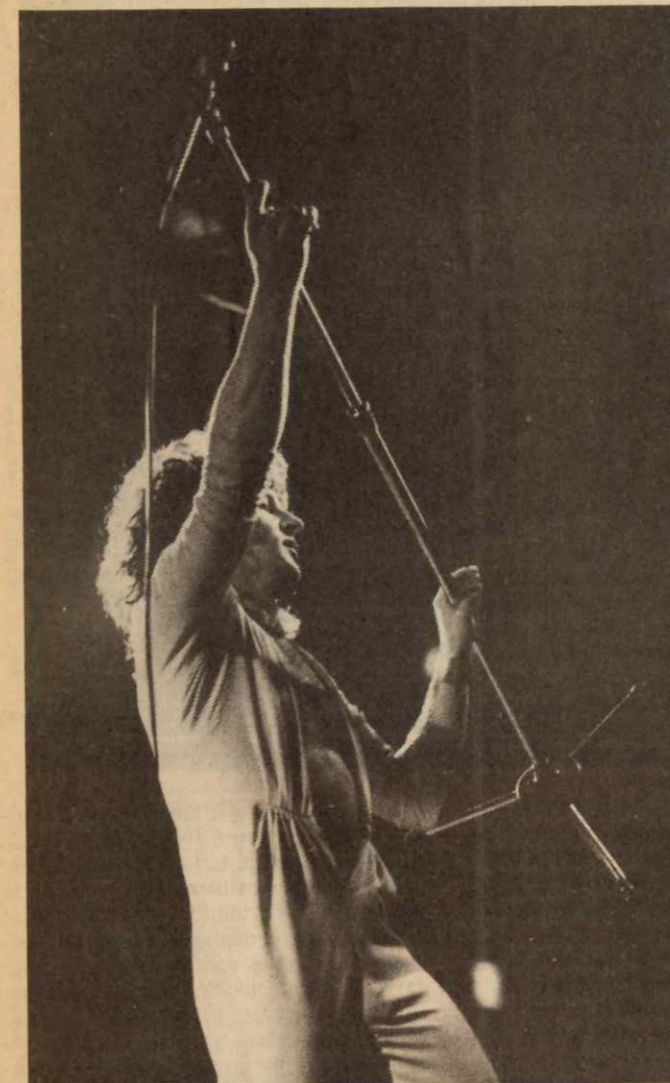


PHOTO RESERVE — BILL SOSIN



on the town with Cary Baker

No Living In The Shadows For Jim Sohns

"Says here Mitch Ryder just signed huge contract," Jim Sohns pondered, dog-eared the trade paper. "That means I'm the last member of the underground to re-emerge."

He's right. With some minor exceptions—Sky Saxon, Wild Man Fisher—they've all come out of the closets. Some were triumphant in their second stage lives, other pitiful flops. A sedentary Sohns took a minute to reflect on his first golden era. When he was 17 and living in Arlington Heights, he had the No. 1 song in the nation, "Gloria." And though his group, the Shadows of Knight, disappeared from sight for a while, there hasn't been a time since 1967 when there wasn't some incarnation of the group playing somewhere.

Theirs was a story of Cellar to penthouse. Bill Traut, a neophytic producer who badly wanted a pop hit for his Dunwich label, discovered Sohns' band at Club, the Cellar in Arlington Heights. Directed to Sohns by the high echelons at WLS, Traut inked 'em, and almost before the record had a chance to cool off the presses, it was slapped on the air. The Shadows were the golden boys of Chicago pop for some years to come, and had four subsequent hits. "Oh Yeah," "Bad Little Woman," "Willie Jean" and "Shake."

Before they'd even graduated from high school, they were huge stars and promptly took to acting the part. There's the famous story of the piano dropped out of the 23rd story window of a building. There's the story of how Sohns used to score with two, three, sometimes four teenage girls each night. There are stories

floating all around Chicago and the suburbs, because for quite some time, everybody knew someone whose second cousin used to be going out with a Shadow. Shotgun stars—for a while.

The story of their downfall is equally succinct. The boys blew it. They signed a bum record deal with Kasanetz & Katz, the pair who launched the 1910 Fruitgum Co. and the Ohio Express into very transient stardom, and treated The Shadows with a similar plan of attack—immediacy without the provisions to survive beyond a short string of hits. They were given their "own" subsidiary of Buddah, Teem Records, and cut a rather interesting single, "Shake." The tune employed The Shadows as a Blue Cheer-bent trio. Sohns came across teenage and sinister. Satisfied, they packed their gear, left New York, and went home to Arlington Heights.

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PHOTO RESERVE - BILL SOSIN

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Within weeks, they heard it on the radio. Msrs. K. at Buddah had laced The Shadows' fuzztone nightmare with the same big-top organ that made "Simon Says" nauseous the first, second and umpteenth time around. Ordinarily, the group could've pooh-poohed it and gone on to the next thing. Except it was 1969, and everybody except Kasenatz & Katz realized that bubblegum music was not the naked truth. Taking a group with a bad-boy-blues appeal and turning them into three burgers to go led to The Shadows' severe denigration, if not demise.

But Jim Sohns refused to die. Become something less than the superstar he was accustomed to, granted. But never did he hang it up, or for that matter shed The Shadows' name.

"Around 1970, I had to gear myself down," he said, "I had to tell myself it's better to be playing than not to be playing, even if you're playing Muskatine, Iowa. I figured that if all else failed, I could go to work at my dad's liquor store in Prospect Heights."

Sohns assured himself, "That's only a security. I mean, people will always be drinking."

Unless some freshman Senator named Kasanetz introduces a new Prohibition, it's a safe bet. But Sohns isn't worried. The Shadows are here to stay. One of the top club attractions in the area, Sohns feels people who frequent

such haunts as B. Ginnings and the Night Gallery have only a vague memory of "Gloria," and don't suspect that the band onstage is the group that recorded it 11 years ago. Regardless, The Shadows are on the road to success once again. Even their original manager, Scott Cameron, is back with them, and presently plotting a tour of the Eastern seaboard. In concert, they perform a pastiche of Shadows oldies ("Gloria," "Shake," "Bad Little Woman," etc.) and new originals that sound like logical progressions from

"... I haven't strayed more than five miles from here in 26 years. . ."

the old days. But inevitably, club-goers request Bowie. And The Shadows of Knight, the group that paved the way for modern-day punks like Bowie, are forced to comply. "Ironic," Sohns said, "Very ironic. But in certain areas, we're known as the band that does Bowie best."

Fortunately, Sohns never had any countercultural commitment to uphold. Even in '71, his group was The Shadows of Knight and could play power pop and blues at a time when the FM stations were blaring "Four killed in Ohio." If

you picture Sohns a faded freak and living in the Juneway Jungle, guess again. Sohns and lead guitarist Paul Roy inhabit a modern apartment development in the northwest suburbs, the type that Woodfield store managers and special education graduates seem to frequent nowadays. He lives a block from one of those elongated shopping malls off a busy east-west thoroughfare recently widened to accommodate booming suburban commerce. Not exactly the setting one would picture the originator of "Gloria" calling home, but Sohns is only being true to himself. "I haven't strayed more than five miles from here in 26 years," he said. "I mean, I've lived out of suitcases, a night here, a night there, all over Chicago. But for the most part, I dislike the city. The congestion and the traffic never did much for me."

There isn't an alley for miles, just plenty of open space. But there resides Chicago's godfather of punk.

"Punk," he deliberated, "I don't know if that's quite an accurate description. The Ramones, for example, sound like bands that tried to sound like us 11 years ago."

But it's the ones that *do* confess their punkitude you have to watch out for.

Whatever their tag, The Shadows are back with a vengeance. Gone is the original nucleus: Dave "Hawk" Wolinski." If

presently with Rufus, Gary Levin's joined d'thumbs, Tommy Gauvenda's one-fourth of Pezband, and Tom Schiffour is working as a commercial artist in Texas. In their place, guitarists Paul Roy and Dave Stackman, bassist Lee Brovitz, and drummer Bob Bostanche prove able successors.

"There's one problem," confessed Sohns. "I'm trying to teach them 'I'm Gonna Make You Mine,' which was one of our old Dunwich records. Trouble is, I lost my copy. Not even my mother has one, and she has all the rest. It was banned from the airwaves. Sometimes I tend to go a little heavy on the lyrics."

In the finest Rolling Stone tradition, The Shadows even play a couple of slow ones. According to Sohns, the record companies have been out to hear the band and like the ballads best. "Can you see that?" he asked. "Us, a ballad band?"

A tour is in the planning stages, and while Sohns declined to elaborate, several record companies are interested. At this point, The Shadows are confident they're gonna ride again. But they want that right deal before they sign. Already, they've declined to record for Passport Records, who approached them unseen and unheard last year. Sohns is talking with some of his old friends from the '60s about doing a little session work on the album.

"We'll do it right," he said. "When we were with Atlantic, after our bubblegum thing fell through, we recorded a nine-minute single called 'I Am The Hunter' that they scaled down to 2:40 and then forgot about. We were a tax write-off. Of course, we didn't know that then. We figured it out later."

When the last member of the underground is once again ready to face the nation, he won't get fooled again.

△

(Ed. note: "Chicago Sha Boom" was originally intended to be an overview of the Windy City's music scene with pieces on the Shadows, the Hounds, Cheap Trick, and Skafish. Since our cover story next issue will be Mr. Baker's definitive Cheap Trick tome, we decided to leave their "Sha Boom" segment on the cutting room floor. Likewise the Hounds who have just signed a record deal and will be featured in an upcoming issue, and Jimmy Skafish who will hopefully grace our cover sometime in November.)

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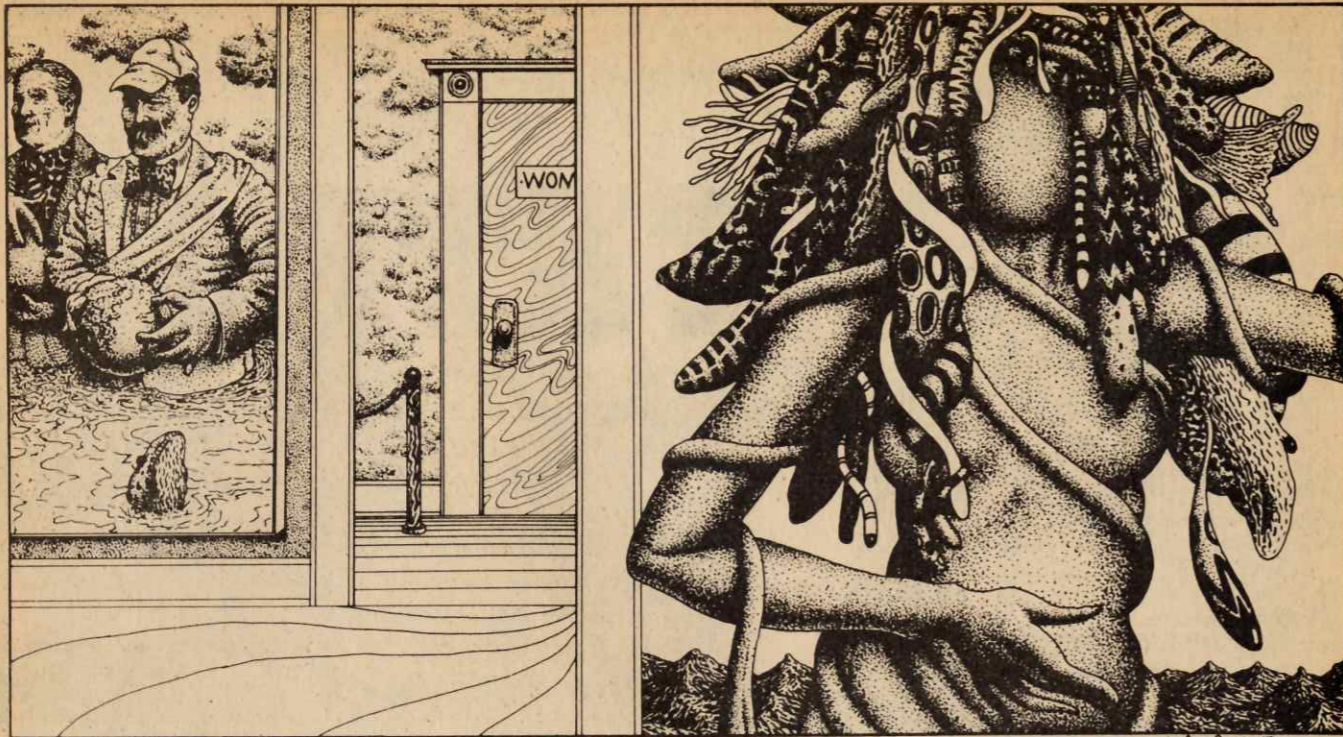
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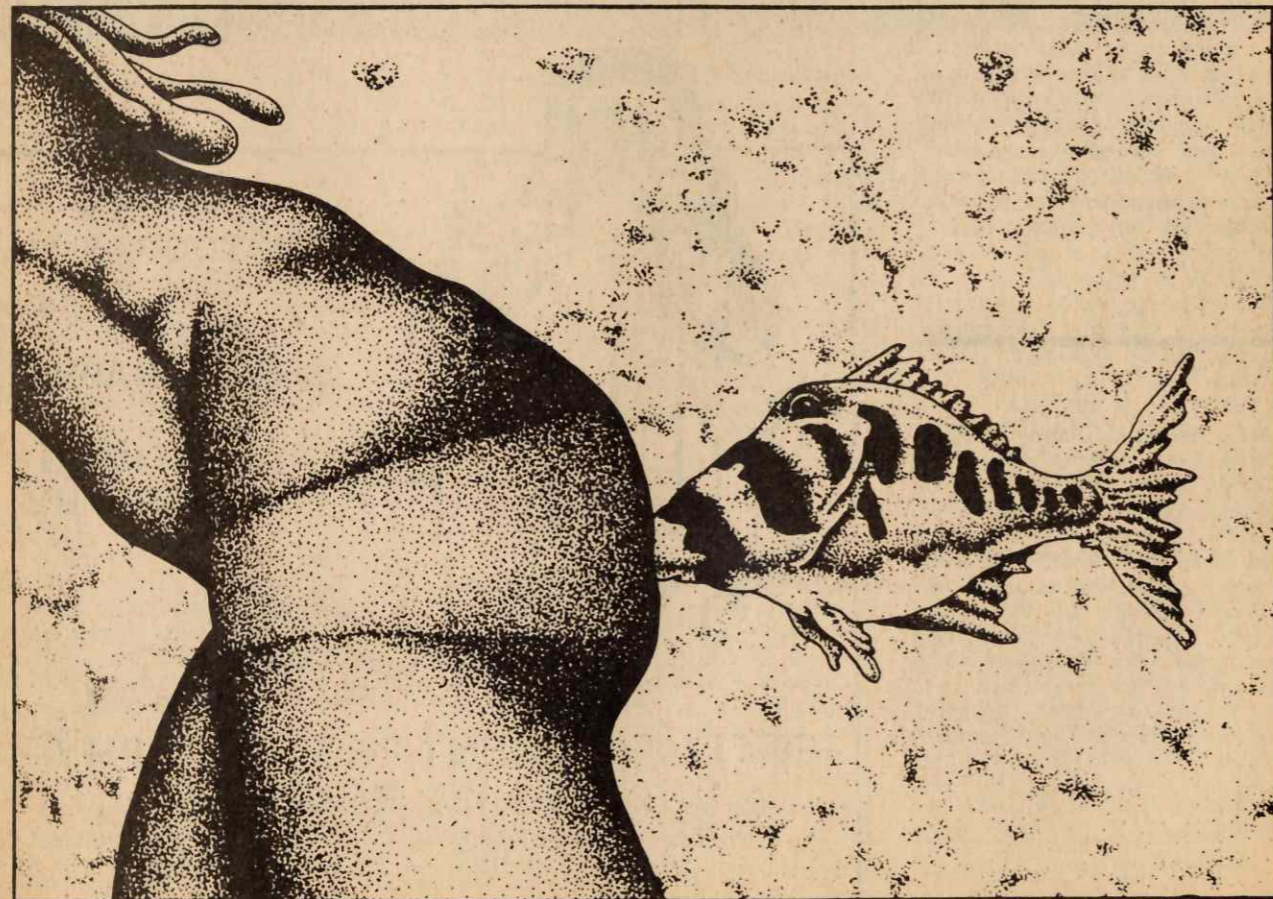
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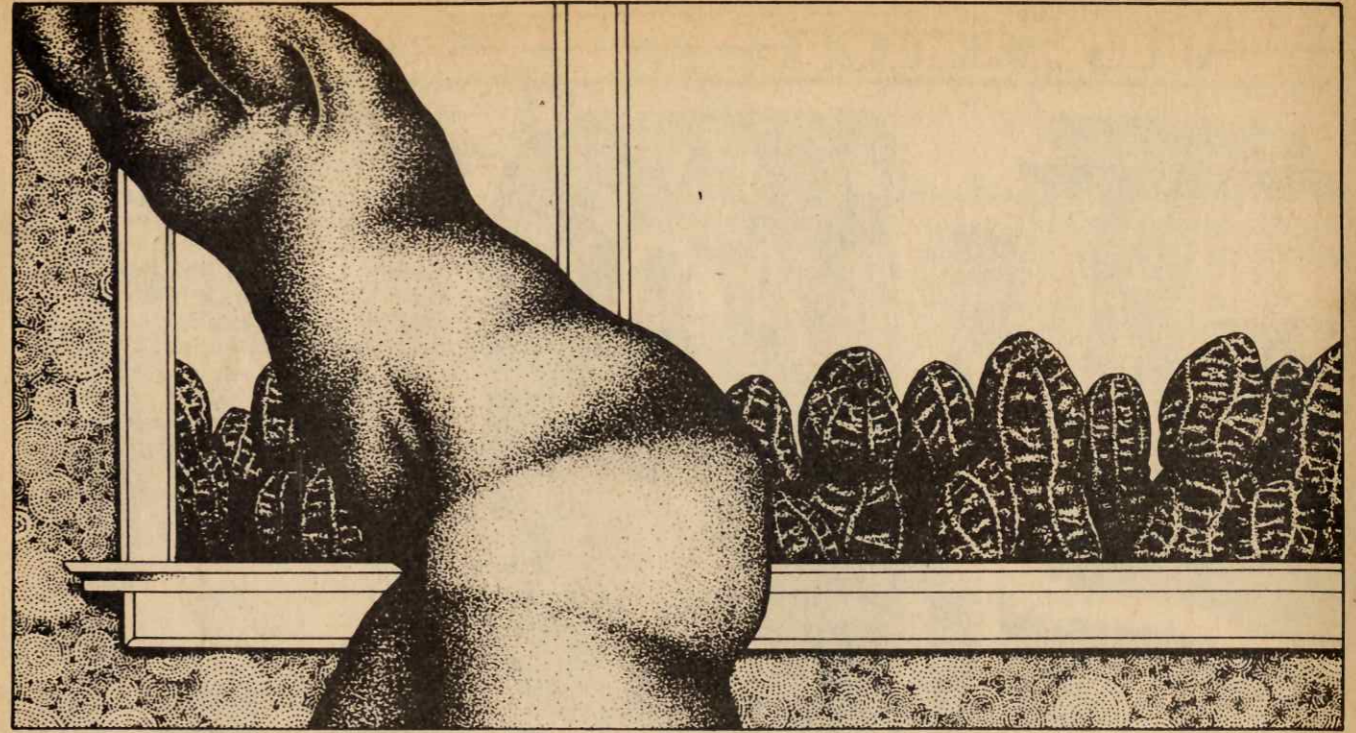
John A. Kurtz '76

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THE KISS

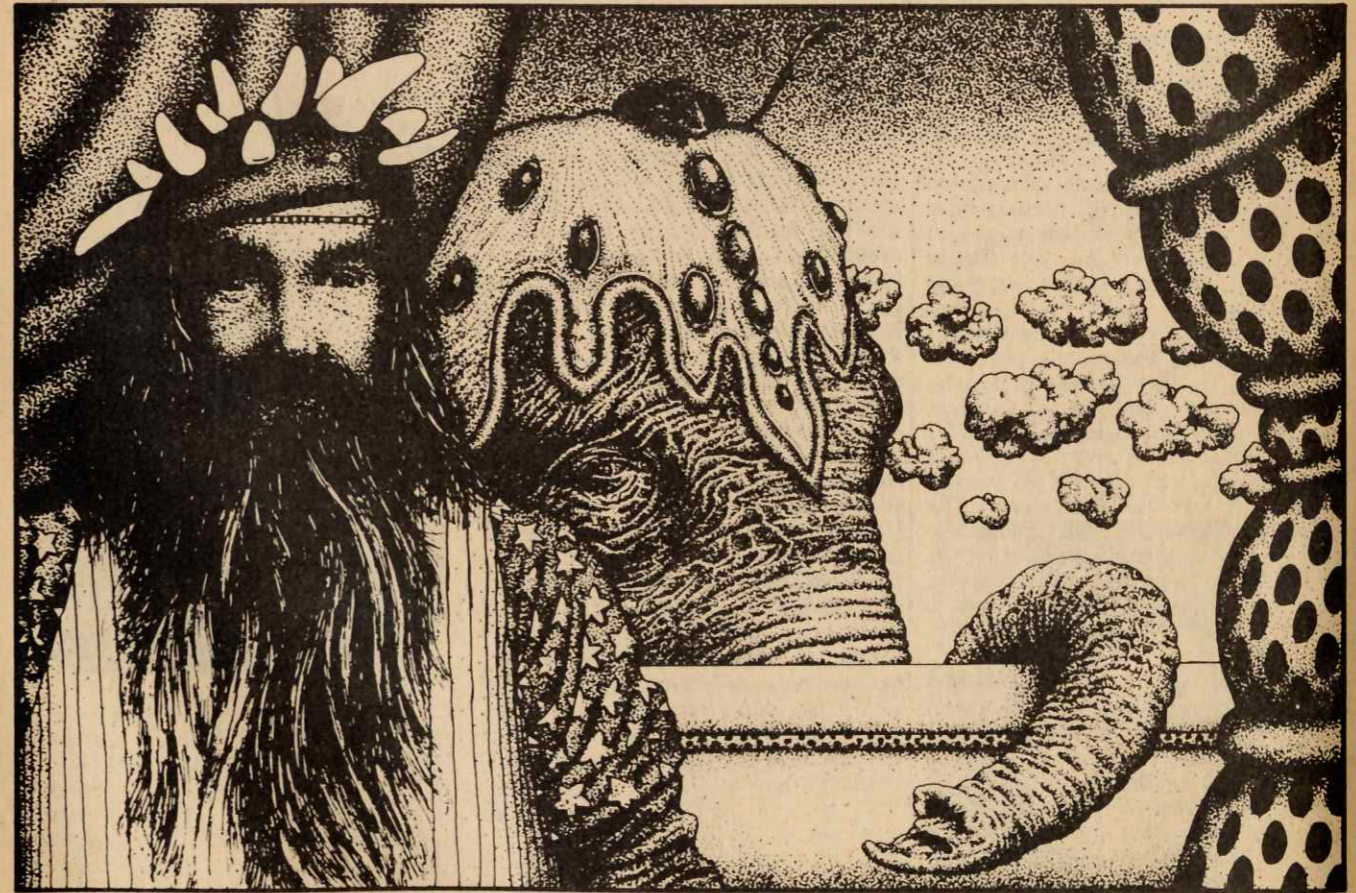
John A. Kurtz '75



THE 'MEN ARE PEANUTS' THEORY

John A. Kurtz

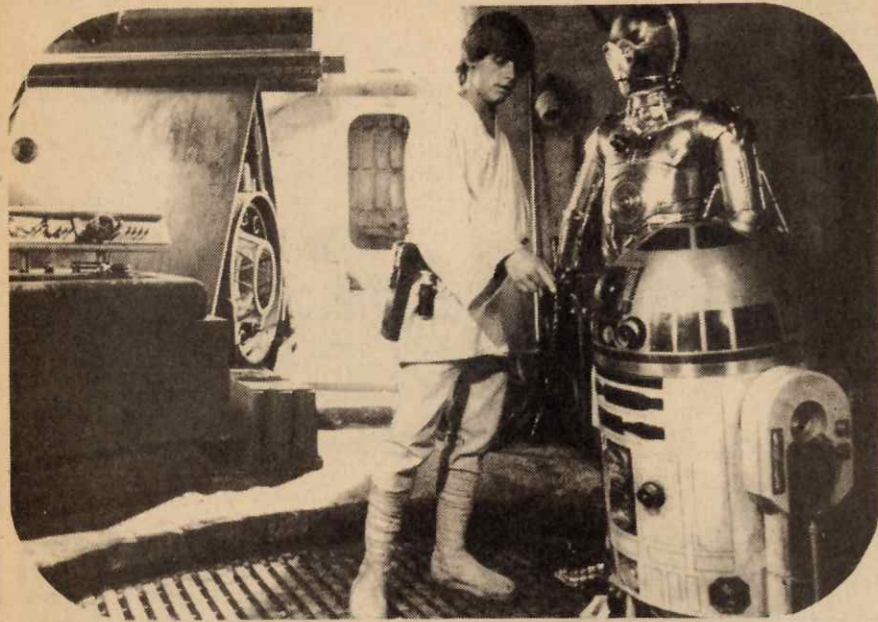
by John Kurtz



MAN WITH HEAD STIMULATOR IGNORING ELEPHANT

John A. Kurtz '76

John Kurtz is a Chicago artist whose paintings have most recently been on exhibit at the Art Institute.



stage page & screen

BY CHARLES W. PRATT

The *Star Wars* phenomenon continues unabated. While the film racks up more and more box office business around the country, all sorts of tie-ins are in the works. The Ballantine paperback version of the film is in a ninth printing now, with more than two million copies of the book floating around. The George Lucas screenplay novelization is high on bestseller lists.

To meet the ever-growing demands of *Star Wars* fans, Ballantine's plans for forthcoming *Star Wars* properties include: a *Star Wars* calendar with color scenes from the film, plus a C3PO and R2D2 center spread; a *Star Wars Portfolio* of loose reproductions of color pix suitable for framing; *Star Wars Blueprints*; a *Star Wars Sketchbook* containing about 100 black and white reproductions of the art used in costumes and set design for the film; and *The Making of Star Wars*, a behind the scenes look at how the film was made.

And on September 16, ABC television will present a one-hour film version of "The Making of Star Wars." Alan Dean Foster is all set to write a sequel and screenplay, though this one won't be directed by Lucas. Not to mention all sorts of toys, models, costumes, masks, comic books, possible TV series, and games. The end isn't in sight.



Publishers' Row. September will be a big month for fans of J.R.R. Tolkien, since that's when Houghton-Mifflin of Boston publishes the long-awaited *The Silmarillion* (\$10.95), a collection of tales and legends of Middle Earth. The book will be a featured alternate of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and paperback rights have been acquired by Ballantine, who paid a tidy sum, you can be sure . . . In October Berkley/Putnam will published another long-awaited science fiction novel, the third of Philip Jose Farmer's Riverworld books. The title is *The Dark Design*, and it certainly isn't the end of the series . . . Berkley will publish Frank Herbert's *The Dosadi Experiment* in October, and is also bringing out a Frank Herbert *Dune* Calendar for next year . . . Gracie Slick is writing her autobiography for Doubleday . . . In November Penguin will publish *It's a Little Bit Funny*, by Elton John, Bernie Taupin, and David Nutter . . . R.R. Bowker will start up a new monthly in September. *Bookviews*, distributed in our area by Chas. Levy Co., will contain reviews and original articles. Chock full of book lore, the mag will cost 75 cents . . .



Cinema Scene. Lily Tomlin has signed a three-year contract with Universal Pictures to write, produce, and star in

two films . . . About 30% of the entire U.S.-Canada movie market for this summer has been for *Star Wars* and *The Deep* . . . George Pal heads back into SF filmmaking with *Return of the Time Machine* . . . Robert Mitchum will play Philip Marlowe again, this time in a new version of *The Big Sleep* . . . Robert Redford has purchased rights to *Time and Again*, a SF romance by Jack Finney. Redford will star . . . Jack Nicholson to star in Stanley Kubrick's next film, *The Shining*, film version of Stephen King's spooky novel . . . The *Star Trek* film is dead, but it will return to TV sometime next year. Don't look for Leonard Nimoy or Bill Shatner, though . . .



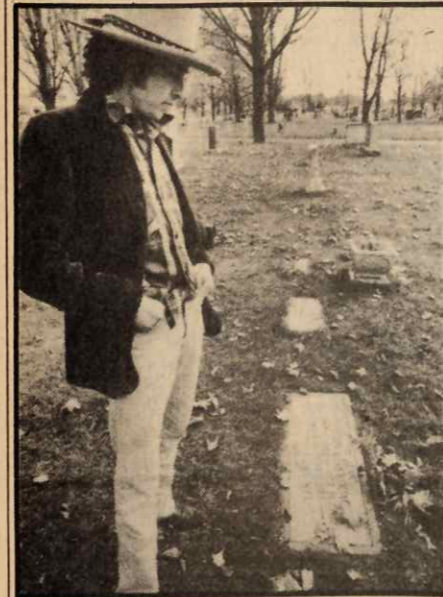
Back Pages. Marvel Comics enters the paperback field via Pocket Books in September. The first title, *The Amazing Spider-Man*, will contain six unabridged Marvel comic stories. Other \$1.95 books will star the Fantastic Four, The Hulk, and Dr. Strange. Speaking of Marvel, that brash company sells 24-million of its comics per year. Spider-Man sells 900,000 copies a month . . .



Mitchell Magic. In October Knopf will publish *Joni Mitchell Complete*, which will contain words and music to 85 songs from Joni's first eight albums, as well as 20 full-color pages of previously unpublished Mitchell illustrations. The hardcover version sells for \$20, and the paperback of this treasure will go for \$12.95 . . .



books



ROLLING THUNDER LOGBOOK
by Sam Shepard
(Viking/Richard Seaver, \$12.50)

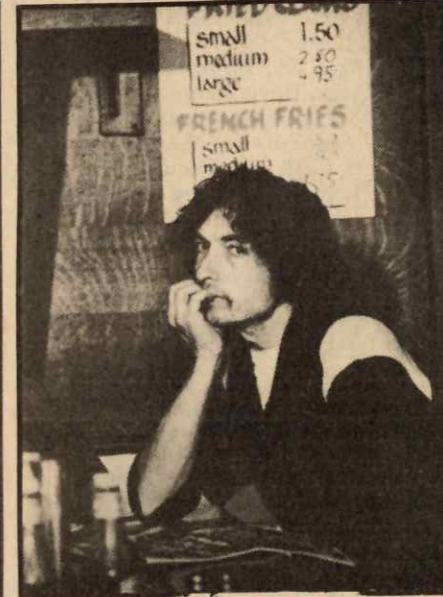
A most curious book, more of an artifact really. Playwright Sam Shepard (*The Tooth of Crime*) was asked by Bob Dylan to be scriptwriter for a film being made of the Rolling Thunder Revue. The Revue, a sort of portable Woodstock, was an eclectic gaggle of musicians and madcaps designed as an antidote to bicentennial madness. No one knows if it worked, but Shepard's diary (the film fizzled) proves that the Revue was an exciting trek for those involved. Shepard even shares some of that excitement with the reader.

The book is a series of short, impressionistic chapters, in which Shepard expounds, rants, raves, and generally marvels at the whirlpool of energy that sucked him in. After all, he cavorted with Dylan, Joan Baez, Joni Mitchell, Roger McGuinn, Ronee Blakely, and Allen Ginsberg. Shepard's prose—like the quality of the many scrapbook photos—is uneven. When he's good, he's very good; but he gets a little carried away by the mysticism of it all.

Here's what he says about Dylan: "Dylan has invented himself. He's made himself up from scratch . . . The point isn't to figure him out but to take him in. He gets into you anyway, so why not just take him in?"

Like I said, a curious book. But curiously satisfying.

Chuck Pratt



BOLO
By Keith Laumer
(Berkley Medallion, \$1.50)

You're an enemy foot soldier on patrol one rainy spring evening about, oh, 500 years in the future. As if you didn't have enough problems some of your electronic scanners have stopped functioning and you have to visually inspect the plain with its surrounding hills. You hope desperately that one of the hills doesn't start moving because, if it does, you might as well dig a hole and hide out the rest of the war. You've been spotted by a *Bolo*, the most sophisticated, most devastating war machine ever devised by man.

Its weight measured in hundreds of tons, its armaments able to sear entire counties with one salvo, its defenses second only to Superman's, the *Bolo* in its various models traces its lineage to knights in shining armor. Even though the *Bolo* is man-made, a machine with memory banks filled with battle strategies through the ages as well as all musical and literary works in existence, it shares the heritage of the knights—pride, honor, courage, and moralistic justice.

Keith Laumer is a captivating storyteller with an intricate sense for discovering new angles for similar themes. His six tales of Bolos in action, in both their prime and after years of misuse and neglect, mix fantasy with advanced technology for a stirring chronicle of mighty machines that never were, but, in an era of neutron bombs, cruise missiles, and

laser-aimed rifles, just might be. The Bolos would never win a charm contest with R2D2 and C3PO, but then, the 'droids from *Star Wars* weren't designed to knock over mountains, either.

Larry Green

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO THE CLASS OF '65?
by Micheal Medved and David Wallechinsky
(Ballantine Books, \$2.25)

If you graduated from high school in 1965, you probably don't know what happened to most of your classmates. But it would be fun to find out, right? Michael Medved and David Wallechinsky thought so, too, inspired by the fact that their class at Palisades High in suburban Los Angeles was somewhat unique. As the subject of a 1965 *Time* magazine cover story on "today's teenagers," the Pali class was viewed by millions and heralded to be "on the threshold of a golden era." No one could have predicted the tarnishing events and upheaval of the next ten years.

Holmes and Watson scoured the country for their '65 classmates, following hunches. They found the quarterback rubbing bodies in a Hollywood massage parlor. The head cheerleader is now a university instructor, teaching women's history. The hotshot gang leader now owns a profitable chain of clothing stores. The most popular boy at Pali committed suicide, and a quiet but ambitious girl is presently residing in a mental hospital.

There are other stories in the book, not all glamorous or tragic, but none is really dull. All the Pali grads grabbed the



golden opportunity to experiment: different drugs, schools, careers, even countries. One turned to the brotherhood of the Hare Krishna, another to the isolation of a primitive island in Micronesia.

What Really Happened is a masterpiece of characterization and narration, mostly because the characters are real and the dialog is all firsthand. If you are among the multitude who grew up in the Sixties, you'll be absorbed by—and may be identify with—the lives of these people, then and now. It's all there: the Beatles, JFK, Viet Nam, drug busts, strikes, communes, sexual and women's liberation, as well as all the complications and aftereffects.

This is a book about a generation . . . our good old days. Time sure flies, doesn't it? You can never go back to school again.

Patty Stubbs

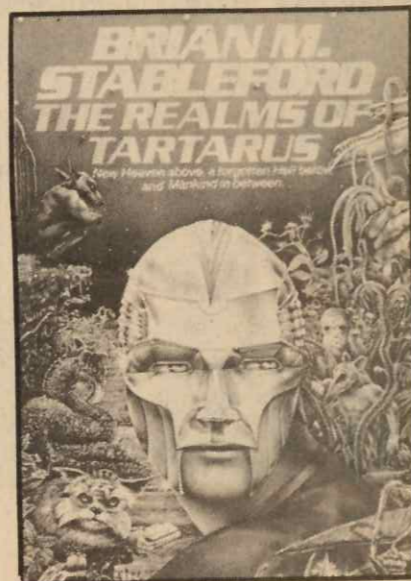
proaches Sherlock Holmes to investigate the murder of a fellow critic—an investigation which might uncover facts embarrassing to a number of powerful people. Holmes manages to prevent Inspector Lestrade from hanging several innocent people, dispenses his own brand of justice to the real guilty party, and leaves all other reputations as pristine as he found them.

The West End Horror dwells far less on the Conan Doyle reconstructions than did Meyer's previous novel, *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*. Yet the story is fast-paced and filled with enough twists and turns to keep you guessing right down to Holmes' matter-of-fact solution. Meyer skillfully weaves in just enough historical fact to arouse interest and memory. That combination, built around the world's greatest supersleuth, guarantees a winner. Elementary.

Larry Green

old antimacassar long buried in a *chiffonier*. A surprise, but an offhand, not very moving one. The murderer's identity is tipped at the very beginning, and the "who" of the "whodunit" becomes obvious halfway through—a very un-Christie-like defect. While every Christie fan will rush out to buy *Sleeping Murder*, her last book represents a serious lapse for the late and beloved first lady of murder.

Robert A. Bassi



THE REALMS OF TARTARUS
by Brian M. Stableford
(DAW Books, \$1.95)

It's a lousy place to visit and you wouldn't want to live there. Genetic inbreeding and infighting has dropped man back to something resembling the Neanderthal. And ratmen, dogmen, catmen, and giant cockroaches compete for life in the basement world of Tartarus.

Meanwhile, back at the platform

THE WEST END HORROR
By Nicholas Meyer
(Ballantine, \$1.75)

Nicholas Meyer is at it again in his latest resurrection of Sherlock Holmes, this time involving luminaries of the London theatrical world of the 1890's. George Bernard Shaw (critic for *The Saturday Review*—prior to his stage successes) is principal Famous Person but, as the intrigue develops, we also meet (and suspect) Oscar Wilde, Bram Stoker, Frank Harris, Gilbert and Sullivan, and Ellen Terry. Also, in a clever twist, one of Holmes' disguises involves contact lenses modified according to suggestions from an ophthalmologist friend of Dr. Watson's, a certain Dr. Doyle.

The basic plot is simple, and true to the Holmesian tradition: Shaw ap-

SLEEPING MURDER
Agatha Christie
(Bantam, \$2.25)

The author's last published novel was written in the 1930's but kept unpublished until last year. It marks the final appearance of Christie's genteel, aged sleuth, Miss Jane Marple—" . . . a perfect Period Piece. Victorian to the core." With all the houses of England from which to choose, Gwenda, a young bride from New Zealand, unknowingly buys the villa she had lived in as a child. This serendipity conjures up what may or may not be a childhood memory of a murder. Enter Miss Marple.

Despite another murder or two, the book as a whole is rather disappointing, even for Christie fans. The "sleeping murder" is discovered by chance, like an

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covering the entire land mass of Earth, high above the plains of Tartarus; the social, political, and economic movement of the Eucherian Plan declared its millenium. For 11,000 years, mankind had worked in unison to cover the dying world it had spawned. Now it was done and everyone wanted to forget what lay beneath their feet—and the people they had left behind.

One man couldn't forget. Carl Wagner suffered from nightmares, an unheard-of malady in the chemically-controlled contentment of Eucheronia. His visions of fouled earth and filthy water, of fetid air and radioactive wastelands, of millions of people and neo-people who never saw old age (thanks to the never-ending violence of their environment) became the focus of endless arguments in the purposeless, bored society of the Millenium.

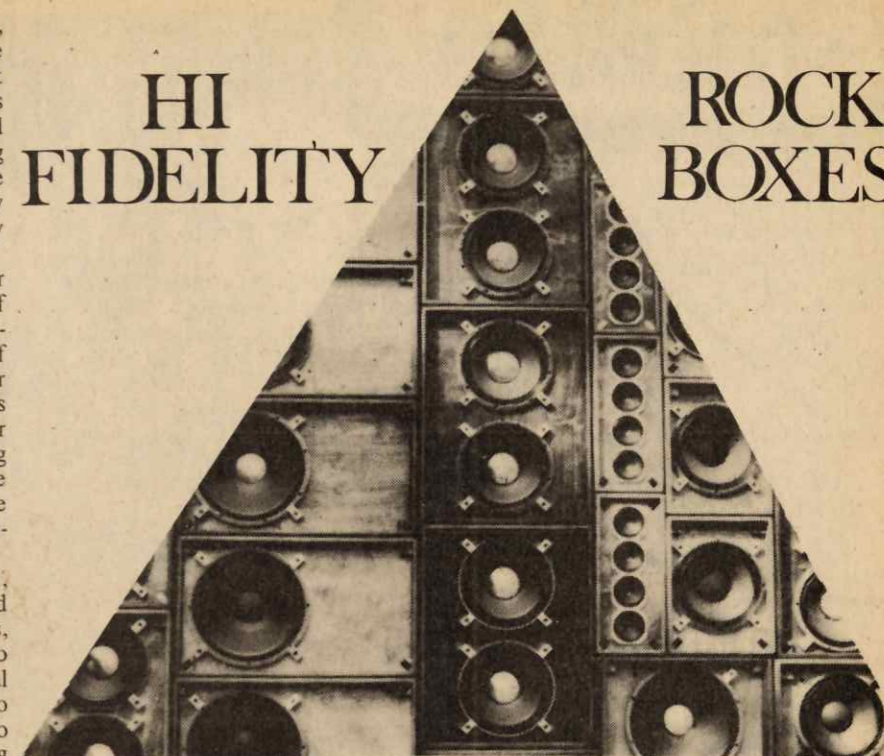
Then, through accident Wagner's son, Joth (whose face has been reconstructed with metal) traveled through Tartarus, meeting its people, coming to know, to respect, to love them in the mutual struggle for survival. He returned to Eucheronia with their story, a story no one would believe until a mind-shattering event occurred at the birth of a new messiah. It remained for Sisy, an alien visitor from another star system who helped engineer the Eucherian Plan and his own unpublicized variation of it, to provide answers for a questioning mankind of both worlds.

Stableford offers a depressing alternative future, even though the underlying sentiment is one of hope. His Tartarus is believable and complete, much more so than his vision of Eucheronia. Yet both rely on tenuous presumptions. You'll know more about genetic theory than you ever wanted to know, something tighter editing might have prevented. Despite all its flaws, *The Realms of Tartarus* holds interest. The world of Tartarus is strange indeed, with creatures and perils more deadly than Pellucidar's, with life itself dependent on genetic change and adaptability. Yet is is the cripples who manage to overcome rigors fatal to others better equipped to live in the Darwinian world where only the unfittest survive.

Larry Green

THE BLUE HAMMER
Ross Macdonald
(Bantam)

The detective novel is a barometer of the times. One will learn more about our society, its values and its pressures from a Ross Macdonald than from a Barthelme or Pynchon. Consider *The Blue Hammer*. Its hero, Lew Archer, is the epitome



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of the Southern California private detective, the lineal descendant of Dashiell Hammett's Sam Spade and Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe. Archer is a tough, compassionate, driven man with no illusions—now a little older (about 50), a little sadder.

Like all Macdonald novels, this one projects you into a very real world of life's losers—rich and poor alike. The story invariably begins with Archer being hired for a relatively simple job. (In this case, it's locating a stolen painting.) But the immediate job, which he usually handles very efficiently, is only a loose thread which Archer begins to unravel. The trail leads to murder and always to a long-buried crime (in this case, a painter

who disappeared 16 years ago). Archer is a man who thinks in terms of moral rather than criminal truth, and he is driven to find it by worrying it like a loose tooth. Eventually, he works it out. Always at its root is a murder one or two generations old. Always the sins of the parents are visited upon their children. Always the aftermath permeates the air like the odor of the slightly charred plastic soul of Ross Macdonald's Southern California subculture.

Robert A. Bassi





THE SPY WHO LOVED ME
 directed by Lewis Gilbert
 produced by A. Broccoli
 (United Artists)

Fifteen years ago, when Cold War tensions were at a peak, the film world received a new hero with open arms; with the fate of the Western World in the hands of Ian Fleming's James Bond, British agent 007, it was possible to thrill and laugh at the danger of total destruction. Poking fun at the more ludicrous of the technological marvels that came with the space age, the series of Bond films achieved immense popularity at the box office by blending sex, punny humor, and action. Partially responsible for the '60s revolution in movie styles and content, the Bond series eventually saw itself outdone by its competitors—the racier other movies got, the tamer 007 became by comparison. The sight gags and verbal humor of TV spy shows (U.N.C.L.E. and Mel Brooks' Get Smart) had a similar effect, and the martial arts pictures showed Bond out of the action market.

Albert Broccoli, the series' producer (except for the misguided camp version of *Casino Royale*), brings Bond back to his original form in the latest adventure, which resembles Fleming's novel in name only. In the spirit of detente, Bond is teamed up with a beautiful Soviet agent XXX to prevent nuclear disaster and world destruction which is threatened by an incredible plan to hijack missile carrying nuclear submarines. Behind the plot is a classic Bond villain, the egomaniacal Stromberg, owner of a vast shipping empire. Feeding on popular fears of nuclear destruction at the hands of radical terrorists, Bond's latest and greatest challenge takes him to Britain, Cairo, Sardinia and the Bahamas. As usual, Bond alternates between being a lady killer and the agent who is licensed to kill.

But what makes *The Spy Who Loved Me* such a delightful experience is not merely the fact that Roger Moore has finally succeeded in filling the shoes of Sean Connery, the original James Bond. The Bond films have always been half serious parodies of espionage, movies and espionage movies, and that description fits the latest film very well. This past summer's movies, attempting to capture some of the magic of 1975's hit, *Jaws*, have been largely unsuccessful, but the Bond film manages to poke delirious fun by pitting 007 against an

indestructible henchman, a huge hulking steel-teethed goon named (you got it) "Jaws". A return to form and a good omen for the series, this is a film to enjoy and savor. Wish fulfillment? Sure, and there's nothing like it.

Bill Crowley

FIRE SALE
 directed and written
 by Alan Arkin
 (20th Century Fox)

Ben Fikus owns a clothing store that hasn't sold a pair of socks, much less a three piece suit, in months. Though he's in hock up to his neck, his wife Ruth redecorates their posh suburban home every other month and hires a caterer to entertain for her hysterectomy. Son Russell works at the store, or rather bumbles around the place eight hours a day, trying to get the salesgirl in home appliances to mess around in the storeroom.

Russell's older brother Ezra, who walked out of the family business two



years before, declaring Ben to be an overbearing tyrant and a son-of-a-bitch to boot, is trying to make a go of being a high school basketball coach. He evidently could be doing better. The first time we see him, he is attempting to evade a lynching squad made up of members of the student body. Funny so far?

Wending its way through heart attacks, firebombs, insurance policies and plots, the film becomes a hysterical burlesque, a pathological variation of a traditional comic theme. It is the ethnic family sit-com to end all ethnic family sit-coms. Alan Arkin, who directed, starred and wrote the screenplay, has dragged in every stale New York-Jewish stereotype joke that ever played the borshet belt.

And the cast, including Kay Medford, Sid Caesar, Rob Reiner, and the inimitable Vincent Gardenia as Ben Fikus, fills out every character to its fleshiest and most flatulent, stunning each other and the audience with barrages of what passed for comedy 20 or 30 years ago, and is now just a messy exhumation of a moldy old genre. But if, by some chance, you enjoy the bargain basement humor of *Fire Sale*, on your next vacation, don't miss the floorshow at Grossingers in the Catskills. It'll kill you.

Beth Segal

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PHOTO BY STUART GORDON

BLEACHER BUMS/ORGANIC THEATRE

The baseball season may be almost over, but there's still time to catch a bit of baseball fever by going to see *Bleacher Bums*, the Organic Theatre's lighthearted farce set in the bleachers at Wrigley Field. *Bleacher Bums* gives a new twist to the term "spectator sport" by letting us in on what veteran fans have always known: the action in the stands is far more entertaining than the action on the diamond.

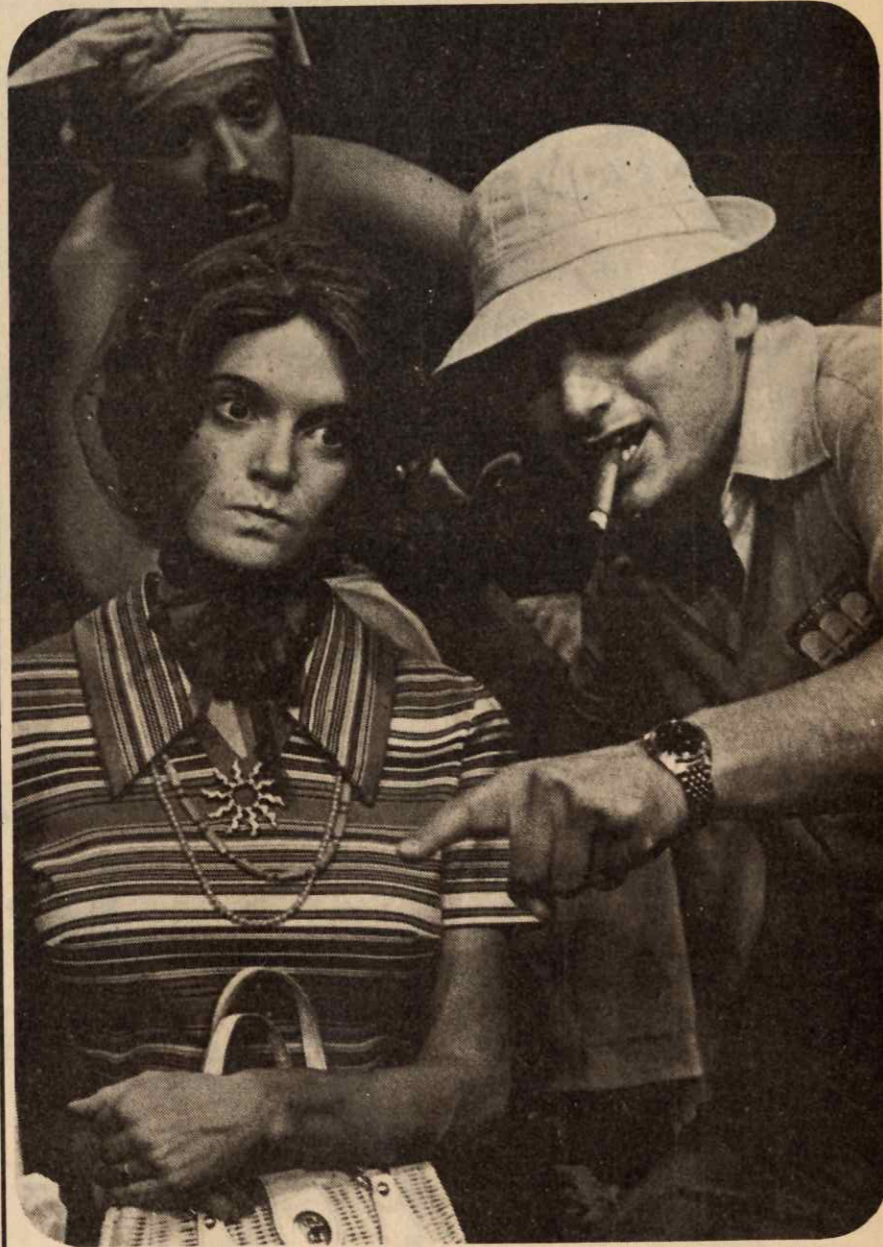
The characters are all typical Chicago Cubs fans, slightly exaggerated. There's Melody, the would-be glamour gal in hot pants perched flamingo-like on spike heels. She's more concerned with her sun-tan than with batting averages. The gravel-voiced cigar-chomping Zig wears his yellow sport cap like a hard hat and wastes no time getting down to the serious business of the game—gambling. Taking up the bets like he's speculating at the Mercantile Exchange is the nattily-dressed young businessman, Decker. Then there's Decker's sidekick, Richie, a poor slob with baggy pants and glasses held together with adhesive tape, who acts as go-fer and "official scorekeeper."

In contrast to the other characters, the blind man, Greg is humorous because he plays against his stereotype from the start. Greg sits with his ear glued to his transistor radio interpreting the plays for the other fans and entertaining them with feats of uncanny perception—demonstrating, for example, that he can describe Melody's hair color by hearing her voice. Melody stammers, "Um, uh, uh—" and Greg chortles triumphantly, "Blonde!"

Temperatures rise and tempers flare with the arrival of Marvin. Appearing on the scene with sun lotion smeared thickly on his face and nose shield tucked under his glasses, Marvin is clearly taking no chances on getting burned. "I'm not here to watch the game, I'm here to make money," he announces, as he infuriates the other fans by betting for the opposing team, confident in the Cubs' ability to lose.

More fuel is added to the fire when Zig's wife, Rose, finally catches up with him in the bleachers. Rose, who stands out among the other fans like an egg salad sandwich in a bunch of ball park franks, attempts to thwart Zig's gambling by betting against his every wager.

By the time the seventh inning stretch



rolls around, the antics are fast and furious, with one liners bouncing around the bleachers faster than a ball on Astroturf. The bleacher bums aren't just caricatures of fans any more; they've become, if not exactly old friends, at least people we'd like to know more about. Will Zig throw Rose over the wall before the top of the ninth? Will Melody get an even

tan? Will Marvin clean up? Does Decker lose his shirt? Can Richie finish his Frosty Malt before it melts all over his pants? Go see *Bleacher Bums* and find out. Betting on the Cubs to win the pennant may be a long shot, but odds are good that *Bleacher Bums* will play to a capacity crowd all season. Hey, hey!

Christine Harmon

playbill

BY CHRISTINE HARMON

ANTS IN THE ATTIC — The Body Politic, 2257 N. Lincoln, presents a one-act, one-man show by Ric Grusczyński based on a retarded man's bittersweet reflections on his life. Sept. 22 - Oct. 9, Th-Sun. Tickets \$3.00-\$4.00, D, CAPA. 871-3000

ASHES — British playwright David Rudkin's Obie award-winning drama concerning a couple's efforts to conceive a child and the physical and psychological humiliation involved, is presented at the St. Nicholas Theatre, †851 N. Halsted, Sept. 28 - Oct. 30. Tickets \$4.00-\$5.00, D (Except Sat.), CAPA (Except Sat.). 348-8415

BLEACHER BUMS — The Organic Theatre's hit comedy continues at the Leo Lerner Theatre, 4520 N. Beacon. Wed.-Sun., Tickets \$4.00-\$5.00, D (Except Sat.), CAPA (except Sat.). 271-2436.

THE GOODBYE PEOPLE — The Evanston Theatre Company's comedy dramatizes three people's fight against progress and Mr. Hot Dog Fast Food Joint. Kingsley School Theatre, Green Bay Road and McCormick in Evanston, Sept. 27 - Oct. 16, Tues.-Sun. Tickets \$5.00-\$7.50, D, CAPA. 869-7278.

IN DE BEGINNIN' — Oscar Brown Jr.'s musical revue based on the book of Genesis continues at the Body Politic, 2257 N. Lincoln, Wed.-Sun. Tickets \$6.50-\$7.50, D, CAPA. 871-3000

JUNE MOON — Victory Gardens opens its new facilities at 3730 N. Clark Sept. 28 with this Ring Lardner/George S. Kaufman comedy (additional music by Warren Casey, co-author of *Grease*) directed by Dennis Zacek. Tues.-Sun. Tickets \$5.00-\$6.00, D, CAPA. 743-6442.

LADYHOUSE BLUES — Kevin O'Morrison's drama of a German-American mother and her daughters waiting for her son to return from France at the end of World War I is scheduled for production on Broadway later this season. Opening Oct. 6 at Wisdom Bridge, 1559 Howard, Thurs.-Sat., through Nov. 6. Tickets \$4.00-\$5.00, D (except Sat.), CAPA. 743-6442.

MACK, ANYTHING GOES OVER THE RAINBOW — a musical celebration of the work of Weill, Porter and Arlen at the Steppenwolf Theatre, 770 Deerfield Rd., Highland Park. October 7-30, Friday-Sunday. Tickets \$4.00, D, CAPA. 433-3800.

SAINT JOAN — George Bernard Shaw's drama stars Lynn Redgrave, directed by John Clark, Sept. 29 - Oct. 30, Tuesday through Sun. Tickets \$6.15-\$8.35, D, CAPA (student subscriptions available). Goodman Theatre, 200 S. Columbus, 443-3800

UPSTAGE, DOWNSTAGE — a new comedy revue at Second City, 1616 N. Wells, Tues.Sun. Tickets \$4.00-\$5.00, D (except weekends), CAPA. 337-3992.

YANKS 3, DETROIT 0, TOP OF THE 9TH/RUBBERS — two one-act comedies by Jonathan Reynolds directed by Burt Ferrini at Jane Addams Hull House Theatre, 3212 N. Broadway. Sept. 16 - Nov. 6, Fri.-Sun. Tickets \$4.00, CAPA, D. 549-1631

YOUNG BUCKS — Comedy presented by the Dinglefest Theatre about a high school basketball team and their coach at the championship finals. Opening Sept. 26, 1225 W. Belmont, Wed.-Sun. Tickets \$3.00-\$5.00, D, CAPA. 327-5252.

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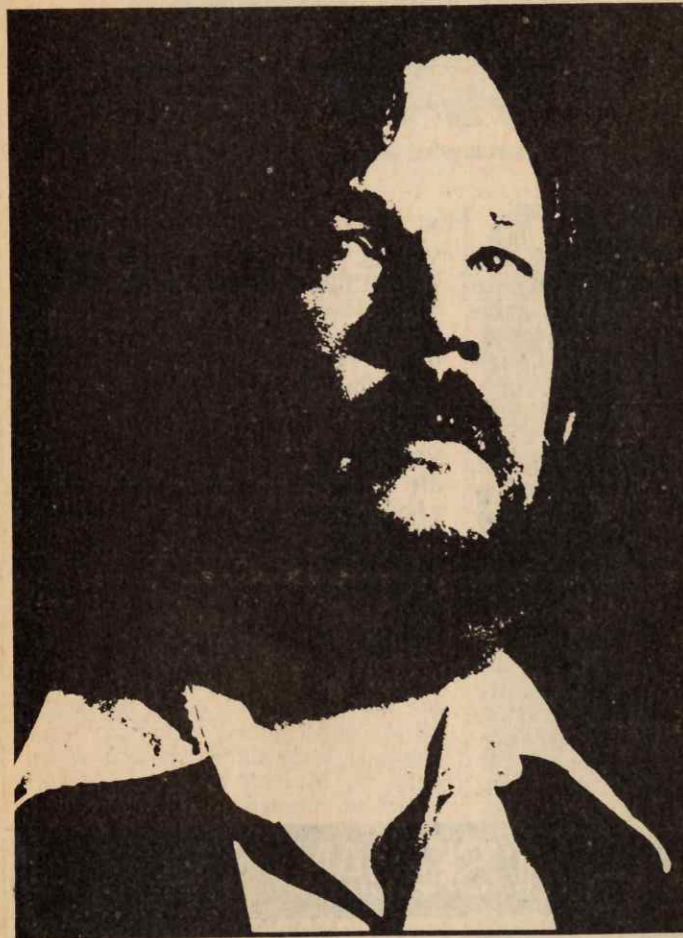
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by
Grant Wylie

Jimmy Carter's daughter Amy is due to be in the news soon. One minor item of news may relate to her having difficulties at school. However, there's a more foreboding set of astrological conditions that could make Amy's problems at school seem a matter of small consequence.

The Zodiac shows a highly sophisticated plot to kidnap the President's daughter having been hatched in mid-September. It appears as though a group of dissidents have fostered the plot headed by a male, 25-35 years of age with a fair complexion and slightly squinted blue eyes. Further description by the stars indicate that he will be a rather heavy set six-footer, well dressed and sporting a prominent hawk-like nose, high cheek bones, and a slightly pointed chin.

There are two other individuals who (according to the Zodiac) are to be instrumental in the execution of this crime. One appears to be a slightly built male approximately 25 years old with nervous tendencies. The other is a woman, heavy set on a five and a half foot frame with a round face and fair complexion. Her eyes have a characteristic slant towards the nose and are framed by her dark hair.

In order to thwart this kidnap attempt, security forces protecting Amy Carter would be well advised to be especially alert for any diversionary tactics or impersonations that might be used in carrying out the plot. In addition they should prepare a top secret radio frequency to use as a backup to their normal communications in case the conspirators attempt to jam the bodyguards' radios. There is also a likelihood that a second attempt to abduct Amy Carter will occur. This one looks to be an impulsive hit and run scheme. The Zodiac shows however that it is ill-timed, ill-planned, and destined to failure.

FORECAST FOR THE 12 SIGNS

For the last three weeks most of us have had little choice but to endure a wide variety of mishaps, delays and aggravations. This was caused by the retrograde motion of the planet Mercury. These retrogrades last about three weeks and occur every 88 days or so when the planet reverses its direction and moves backwards through the Zodiac. A retrograde brings with it the power to disrupt human affairs, and anything that involves communication is especially vulnerable to the same disruptive influences. Business as well is adversely affected, an indication that Mercury has all the bases covered when it intends to throw things off base. Fortunately this unhappy situation has just ended and our day to day interactions with one another are now under a more positive influence.

WORLD AND NATIONAL FORECAST

Stocks Shift, Train Slips, Amy's Missed

Things look good for the U.S. economy. Although the past few weeks have made it seem otherwise, we'll soon see a definite upward trend with regards to economic matters. The Dow-Jones stock market averages may drop rather severely on the 22nd or 23rd of the month, but it will only be a temporary setback.

The near future isn't quite so bright for the nation's railroads and public transportation companies. There will be at least one major rail disaster within the foreseeable future, and the casualty rate of this and other possible catastrophes will be high. New York and Philadelphia are two cities that may be hit by the disasters due to a scheduled concentration of micro-waves in their areas.

ARIES

At long last Aries enters a period of good fortune. Your social and romantic lives are already in the process of changing for the better, and your living conditions and professional situation will soon follow suit. Take action on your own behalf in these and all other matters. This fortunate trend may be interrupted around the 22nd or 23rd. Avoid confrontations or threatening situations on these days. Refrain from being too impulsive.

TAURUS

Things have not been going well for Taurians lately, but the sign is entering a lucky period which you should seek ways to take advantage of. Life is a whole new ball game now with the future holding among other things, a major improvement in your financial situation. There will be an opportunity to mix business with pleasure, and you will receive several unexpected gifts.

GEMINI

Although there will be a need to control certain feelings of despondency, the next two weeks hold a great deal for you with the best time for resolving personal problems being after the 24th. It's also time to make those phone calls you've been putting off and get back in touch with important people. Creative projects are favored but take caution not to get too far outside the mainstream of human thought. Extra care should be taken to avoid the loss or theft of personal property and/or valued ideas.

CANCER

A wide variety of new people will enter and exit your life. Professional associations may bring new social or romantic interests, particularly competition with a small, darkly complected person with sharply defined features. Be tolerant, this person cares more than you realize. Cancer natives are also likely to experience major changes in personal philosophy as well as a change in residence. Be sure to stay alert while driving.

LEO

More hard work is in store. By attacking the tasks destiny has assigned you courageously you cause your affairs to take a turn for the better. Business and professional matters are extraordinarily well aspected if you are willing to do as logic dictates, but even then strange events may puzzle you between the 17th and 29th. The Zodiac places special emphasis on September 18! Expect important developments in practical matters on or soon after that date. As the Sun crosses the Star of the Hired Mourners on this day you may be called on to help others who are in desperate straights.

VIRGO

You are entering a busy two week period. Be prepared to receive unexpected guests, but be sure that you come to an understanding with a tall, disheveled person who could otherwise be a source of irritation in the weeks ahead. Although you'll be required to deal with such eccentric sorts as this, the majority of celestial energies relating to Virgo are favorable. Emotional problems can be avoided if you refrain from placing too much faith in the promises of others.

LIBRA

Best for you to confine your associations in the next two weeks to those who have already proven their worth. You will find that some people who have been unusually generous are now demanding some kind of reciprocation. Libra may discover that the price in this matter is too high to pay. You will be able to find relief from boredom after the 18th, and acquire new articles for your home unexpectedly.

SCORPIO

Avoid getting involved in others quarrels unless you are being paid to do so. Failure to observe this warning could bring you serious difficulty, even though special benefits are in store for

you in your career related activities. Be far out, but not too far out in all that you do, and avoid legal confrontations. New electronic or mechanical devices may find their way into your world.

SAGITTARIUS

If you refuse to listen to rumour romantic disappointments that are in store can be avoided. Take special care while driving; a friend or associate may be taking an unnecessary risk and a timely warning definitely in order. Special emphasis is placed on your home life and living conditions, so you should take time out to improve them. Sagittarius people are advised to avoid all things of a superficial nature. Remember, simplification is only a left handed form of exaggeration.

AQUARIUS

It looks as though your ship is on the way in, but don't blow it by refusing to accept honest criticism. As the weeks wear on you'll find your hopes being fulfilled. Your impulses will steer you to a more rewarding future, so be prepared both emotionally and mentally to accept changes for the better. Motor trips and short vacations are definitely favored.

CAPRICORN

You have a hectic but highly rewarding two weeks to look forward to. All too often Capricorn is cajoled into handling responsibilities that rightfully belong to someone else. Let the people who have created their own problems deal with them on their own. You will find yourself engaged in some interesting and profitable conversations in the near future. Spend a little time on detail work and a lot of time in constructive activity. You can expect professional recognition soon.

PISCES

It's time to improve or redecorate the place where you live, but it would also be wise to first collect what others owe you. An emotional crisis may threaten around the 23rd, but it's not as bad as your inner fears indicate. You may also have frightening dreams on or around this date; rest assured they have little or no relationship to the way things will actually shape up. A long term trend of improving finances will begin after the 25th and looks to last several months.

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The Best of Alice Cooper Show hit the Stadium with predictable pomp and inappropriate splendor, a schizo toy box of recycled ideas and mind flings from the master of Hollyrock. Having abandoned the comforts of southern and cutting way back on his Bud intake, Alice has put together a tour that is at the same time reminiscent of the Gong Show meets Laugh-In and every cheap Japanese monster flick that's been shown on television since 1948.

Between the machine gun toting chickens (each a different color, no less), the space cadettes and spaced cadavers, monsters, snakes (a real one again: the ASPCA should really be alerted), and dancing black widows (Vincent Price's monologue on their mating habits is still priceless), the viewer doesn't quite know whether he's being entertained or merely sitting around providing some slightly out of tune performer with an audience. Alice, on stage in various garb but mostly tattered leotards and the occasional period suit, is the star - capital "s". His excellent backup band featuring guitarists Steve Hunter and Dick Wagner are heard from only sporadically, between commercials for "Police Gynecologist" and "Celebrity Neurosurgery." Just like real TV at home, there's plenty of time to go out and make yourself a sandwich. Maybe enough to go to the deli for one.

Naturally the crowd is happier to hear "Eighteen," "School's Out," and "Elected" than a good deal of Coop's



PHOTO RESERVE - BILL SOSIN

newer material; songs in the vein of "Only Women," and "You and Me" leave the rock and roll Cooper fans cold, but they have been as successful for him commercially as anything else he's done. That's why the billion dollar babies patiently sit through them to get to the meat.

But they never really get more than the gristle and bone. On the outside, TV screens and expensive costumes make for an attractive and entertaining evening. On the inside, the raw energy of *Killer* and

the inside, the raw energy of *Killer* and *Love It To Death* has passed with time, and a responsible, solid music section has taken its place. Cooper really has more to offer fans than lights, camera, action, but has chosen to placate the tube (read: blank) generation with the smooth sterile approach. It's sort of fun, but not very funny.

The only thing that could possibly liven up an Alice Cooper concert is the malfunction of the guillotine. Then he'd be headed in the right direction.

Simon Impleiz

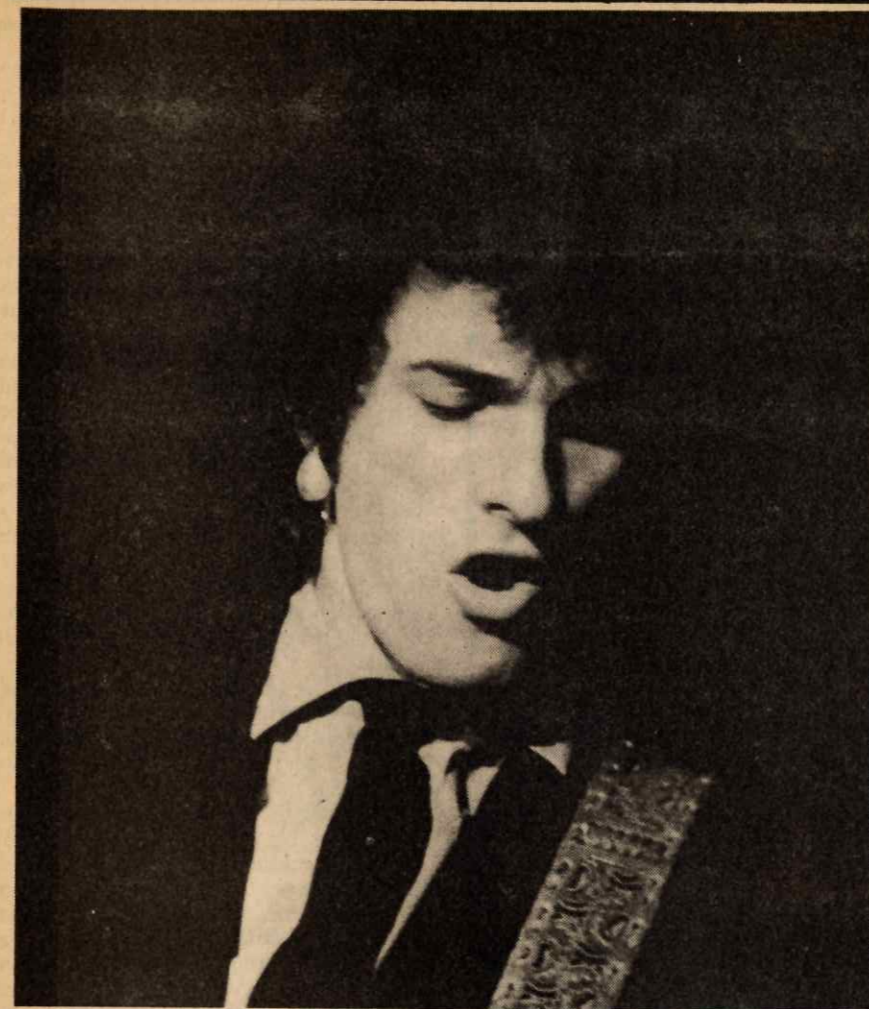


PHOTO BY DEAN SIMMON

MINK DEVILLE BLIND JOHN DAVIS Ivanhoe Theatre

They say it's news when man bites dog. I say it's news when a New York band isn't a punk rock band. Well, Mink DeVille is news. Good news. The R&B based crew headed by lanky Willy DeVille hit Chicago's Ivanhoe one special night in August with all they've got. The result blew me and the full house away.

Dressed in tight black pants and long, well worn black leather jacket, Will DeVille emanates what I would call greased toughness. Menacing yet gentle, Like a character out of *West Side Story*. With earrings appropriately placed and microphone in hand, he caught the audience with the first song and never let go of them.

Through "Spanish Stroll," "Gunslinger," and "Cadillace Walk," he and his band charmed and challenged the crowd. Guitarist Louie X. Erlanger dazzled them with his matching red outfit and guitar. As he's fascinated with Chicago blues, he offered his special version of that Windy City music as he soloed with bottleneck in bpace. Keyboardist Bobby Leonards,

winner of the Graham Parker lookalike contest, bounced from acoustic to electric piano providing appropriate fills.

The boys were joined on stage by a three man vocal team The Immortals. Adding occasional "doo wops, etc." as well as choreography, the trio shone on the classic "Stand By Me." Willy used the three sparingly, but enough to hint of a James Brown/Ben E. King review.

Watch for Mink DeVille. They're going to break the punk tradition of New York using R&B, Louie's guitar, and Willy's rough, shouting voice for ammunition.

Pianist Blind John Davis opened for the New Yorkers. Long thought dead, only recently discovered living in Chicago, this blues pianist has come from retirement accompanied by years of performing. As a back up musician for such blues greats as Big Bill Broonzy, Davis still has a certain liveliness as well as an interesting style of play. He's not dependent on the standard blues and boogie repertoire. His version of Gershwin's "Summertime" is pretty. His handling of the Mink DeVille crowd showed the power of his music. Check out his recently released live lp *Stamping on a Saturday Night*. You'll feel the power.

Mark Guncheon

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GIL SCOTT-HERON Ivanhoe Theatre

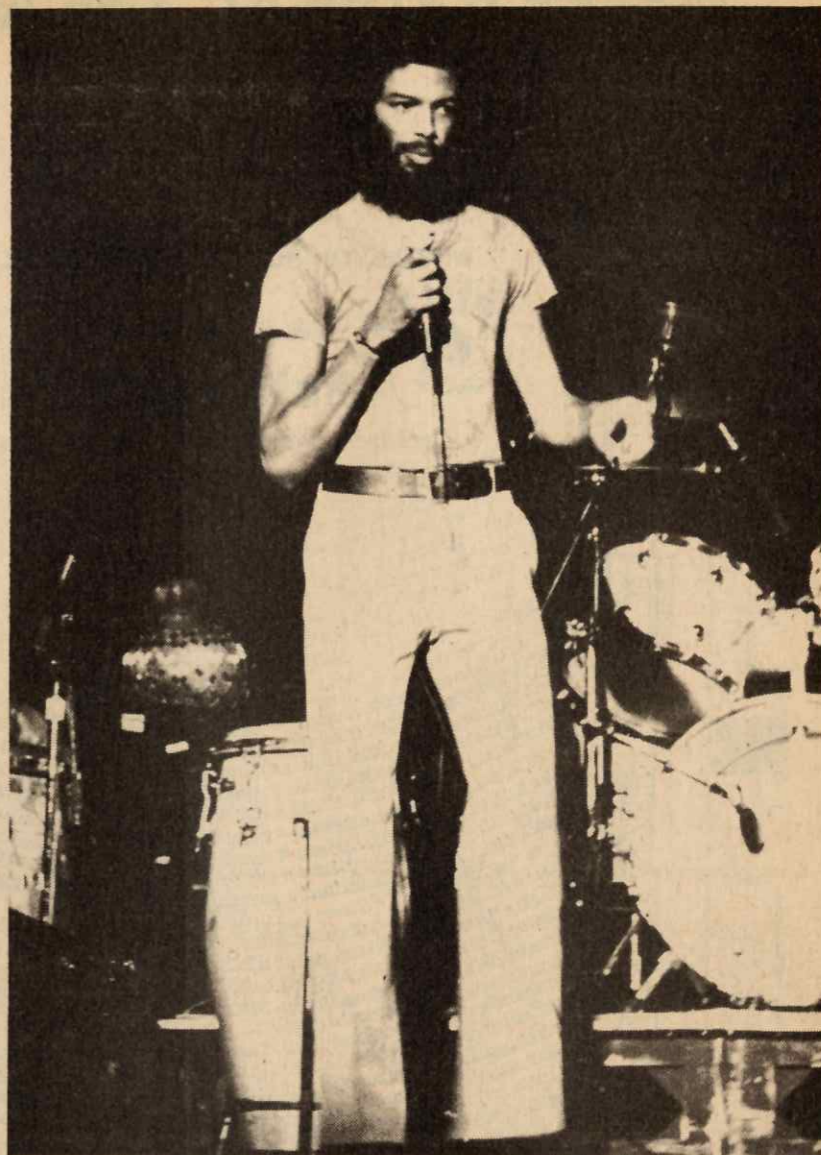
Gil Scott-Heron is best known for his poetry, and to my knowledge was the first poet to turn rock singer (long before Patti Smith jumped on the bandwagon). Frankly, this fact and his song "Johannesburg" were all I really knew about Scott-Heron prior to my sojourn to the Ivanhoe, and I really wasn't quite sure what to expect. While I did anticipate an enjoyable evening, what I really expected was an evening of poetry read to some sort of musical or percussion accompaniment, similar to The Last Poets. Gil Scott-Heron may be best known for his poetry, but he is first and foremost a musician and performer. His backup group (although this description really denegrates their status in terms of their interaction and virtuosity), The Midnight Band, is one of the tightest groups around.

Prior to introducing the band, Gil opened the set with a lengthy, rambling, but nevertheless fascinating rap about the "ghetto code" ("dot-dot-dit-dit-dot-dot-dit" which he translates as "damned if I know") and the significance of the letter "C" (as in "cash money", "CIA", etc.). At its conclusion, the Midnight Band paraded onstage to the strains of an African percussion/chant, which, it was explained, was authenticated with the help of a Washington D'C' organization called the Society For The Preservation of African Rhythms. This set the tone, & started building the energy level, for the rest of the evening. Watching the interaction and sheer enjoyment of the band members on this first number alone almost made it worth braving the weather and the opening act to get to the meat of the program.

The Midnight Band is a six piece unit consisting of: Brian Jackson, keyboards, co-writer, and musical director; Barnett Williams, "Doctor of Drumology" and one of the finest conga players I've ever seen, on percussion; Reggie Brisbane, drums; Sigmund Dillard on bass; and hornplayers Delbert Taylor (trumpet & flugelhorn) and Alan Barnes (reeds & flute), both of whom also double occasionally on moog and piano. Together, they create a blend of many musical styles, incorporating elements of jazz, rhythm & blues, African rhythms, and, on one song ("We Almost Lost Detroit", based on the best selling novel), even spacey, keyboard oriented jazz-rock that sounds like a cross between Lou Rawls and Tangerine Dream. Scott-Heron's voice is a mellifluous baritone, which even bears an almost striking resemblance to Rawls. Add to this combination Gil's striking stage presence, and a choice

Gil's striking stage presence, and a choice of material & stage moves which are almost uncanny, and the result is one of the most powerful and enjoyable evenings I can remember spending in a long time.

One of the most fascinating things about Gil Scott-Heron is his political stance. Unlike many performers, this man has a strong sense of political responsibility and the need for social change, and he incorporates this sense into many of his songs and poems. However, unlike most politically oriented performers, he keeps his stance up front without hitting you over the head with it. At the same time, he doesn't let this commitment become overpowering to the performance; the emphasis, even on his more political/intellectual numbers is still on the music and on entertainment. He also tends to be political in the more abstract sense of the word, concentrating for the most part on raising questions around general issues of human liberation, rather than dealing with specific ("Johannesburg" is the one exception to this—and it was performed as the encore, by audience demand). Scott-Heron's sense of balance between entertainment and challenge, and music and politics, is incredible. In fact, he had what started out as a somewhat rowdy crowd so completely in the palm of his hand at the end of the set, that the audience literally wouldn't leave the theatre without an encore. And I'll be damned if I know where he and the band got the energy for even the one song they performed upon their return to the stage, after expending as much as they had during the regular set. I got so caught up in the energy flow myself, that I literally beat my leg into a mass of bruises playing along with "The Doctor". As Gil said in the intro to one song, "Everybody speaks drum!"



Robin Cook

PHOTO BY ROBIN COOK

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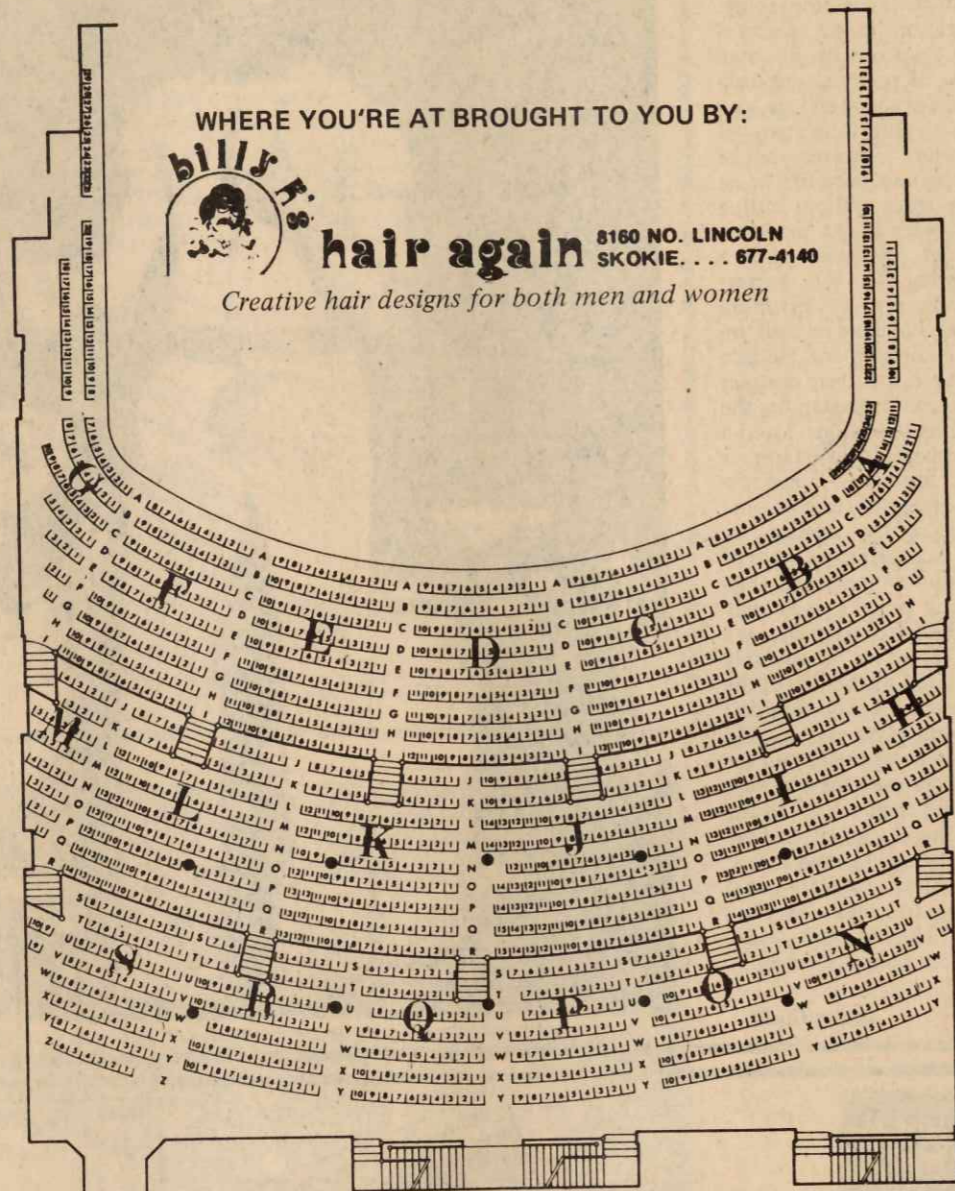
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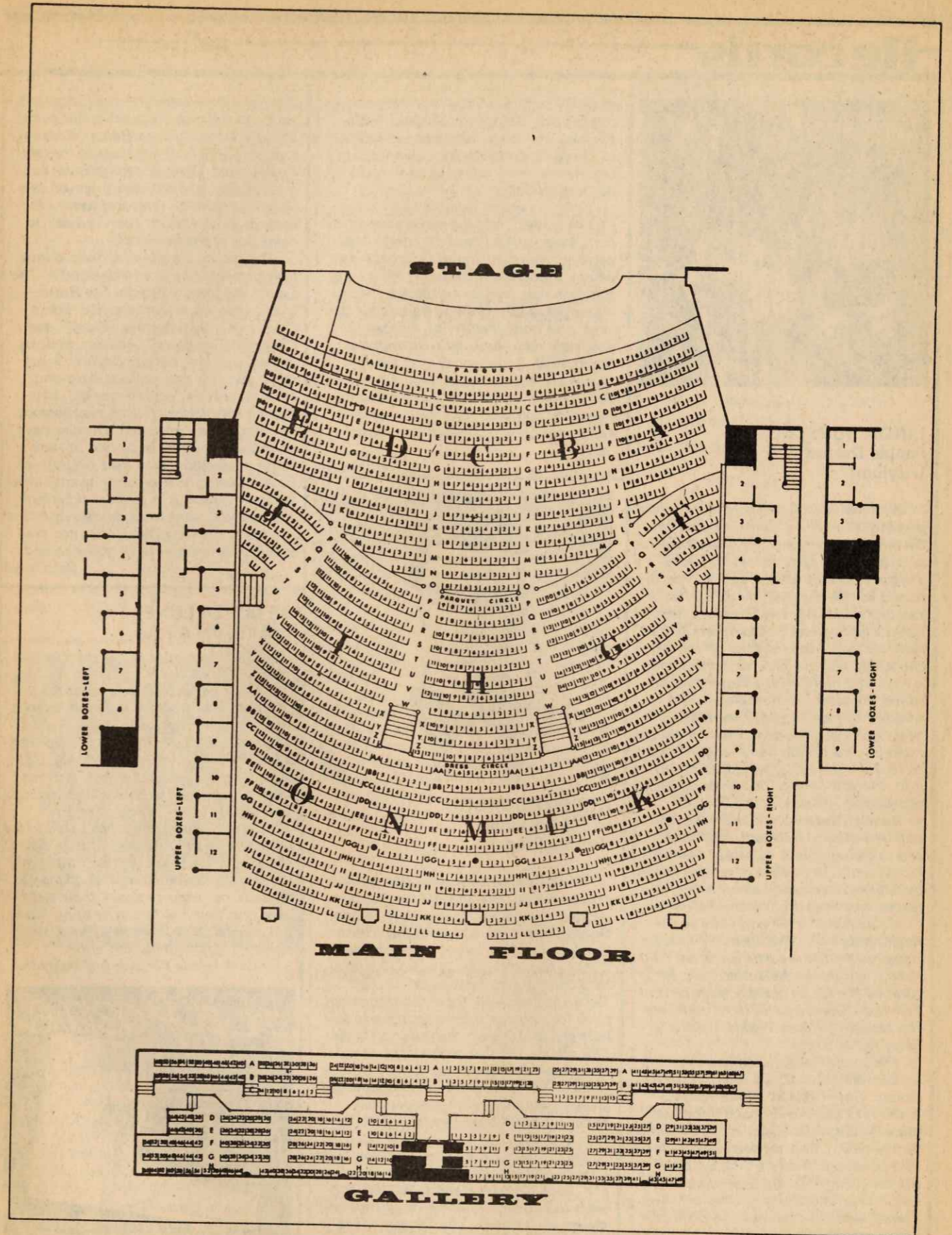
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SECOND BALCONY



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LINDA RONSTADT
Simple Dreams
(Asylum)

With her latest long-player sexy Linda presents all with a perplexing problem. On one hand, her singing is fine; it seems as though she gains more and more control with each album, and the country tinged warble that has identified her to fans the world over remains ever present. Adversely, however, is the situation that rears its ugly head when a performer chooses to rest in a proven formula and turns out a number of albums that all sound the same. The problem, then, is whether to pan Simple Dreams because of its xerox quality, or to praise the slick assembly line production that gave birth to it. To resolve that would be to cut into the job of a critic, so on with the appropriate remarks.

Simple Dreams is the most acoustic oriented album Ronstadt has made, and so perhaps needs to be handled with kid gloves. Two traditional songs arranged by Ronstadt appear on either side of the record with help from Dolly Parton on "I Never Will Marry" and Mike Auldridge's dobro on "Old Paint." Ronstadt also provides the acoustic guitar on "Old Paint," enforcing the softer style set forth by the sparse piano arrangement of Eric Kaz' "Sorrow Lives Here" and veteran session guitarist Waddy Wachtel's "Maybe I'm Right."

The songwriters chosen to contribute to this album, J.D. Souther, Warren Zevon, Roy Orbison ("Blue Bayou" is the first single and boasts vocal assistance by Eagle Don Henly), and again, Buddy Holly, have not been used to their best advantage. Holly's "It's So Easy" fits the "That'll Be the Day" mold with comic ease, and Zevon's tunes are delivered with a seriousness he probably never intended them to have. It's hard to say just why, but Linda's treatment of the Stones "Tumbling Dice" comes off

as well if not better than anything else on the album. Souther's "Simple Man, Simple Dreams" builds nicely with the aid of David Campbell's string quartet, but like nearly every other song is really nothing special.

Linda's voice is flawless (if at times lifeless as well), and the players assembled here have worked hard to create the perfect "Ronstadt sound." Perhaps the album is most easily shrugged off due to the fact that longtime producer Peter Asher only knows how to do things one way, and does them with mechanical precision each time he's behind the board. With a new set of ears Linda's energy could be brought out a bit more, and it would be less tedious to explore a new direction with her. But for now it can safely be said, "Heard one, heard 'em all."

Teri Morris



ROBERT GORDON
with Link Wray
(Private Stock)

The New York new wave has spawned various exotic rock and roll species, but perhaps the oddest of the lot is Robert Gordon with Link Wray and the Wildcats. Gordon was first heard from on the CBGB-Max's Kansas City circuit with a hard-core punko group called Tuff Darts. As their lead singer, Gordon gained fame for his vocal histrionics onstage and notriety for his surly behavior offstage. This album, his first solo effort, reveals the reason for the latter. Under the glamour make-up lurked an old-fashioned greaser. All that time as a neo-rock punk, his heart belonged to rockabilly rock and roll.

On his own, Gordon has come up with a sterling album of hillbilly rock favorites and rock and roll classics. All this and what should be, if there is any justice in the music business, The Single Of The Year, an instant ultimate classic, "Red Hot." This cut alone, which includes

Gordon's best late-Fifties all-stops-out rock and roll rasp and a white hot guitar licks by Link Wray, (a Robert Gordon idol from way back who was to the late Fifties what Chris Spedding is to our generation), is worth the price of the album. It's two minutes and twenty five seconds of the purest rock and roll to come out of the Seventies.

The rest of the album is divided into heartbreakers like Lee Hazlewood's "The Fool" and Wray's "Its In The Bottle" and classic blues rockers like Eddie Cochran's "Summertime Blues" and "Boppin' The Blues". And for what its worth, Gordon has got Cochran's act down pat. He can rock as hard and croon as soft as Cochran ever did. Whether an instinctive stylistic resemblance, or coldblooded imitation, Gordon pays an interesting homage to one of rock's classic tragedians, who died on tour in England when he was barely twenty one. Robert Gordon is a curious timepiece album you'll want to reconsider when the ravages of the New Wave make you stop and wonder where its all going to end.

Beth Segal

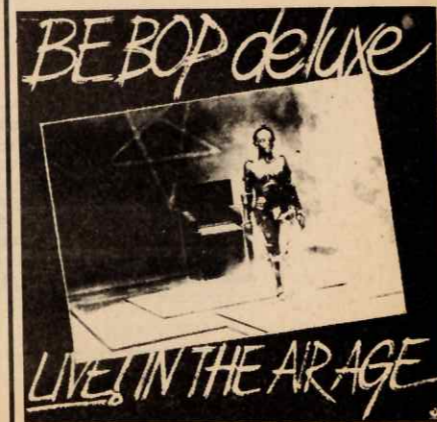
BE BOP DELUXE

Live! In the Air Age
(Harvest)

Live! In the Air Age captures on black and white plastic the most interesting aspects of England's Be Bop Deluxe. Their rock and roll rhythms tainted with a jazz feeling and the loud, searing, clean guitarwork of leader Bill Nelson flows from my speakers with reckless abandon. This album has to be played loud!

The "Boppers" have been around for quite awhile now. Though this is their first live recording, I've heard them in concert a couple of times. A change in attitude occurred between their visits here resulting in a less interesting show the second time around. The sound system didn't help matters either.

Live! In the Air Age highlights the

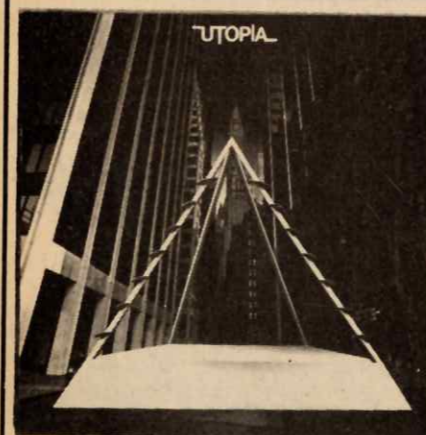


best of a recent U.K. tour complete with the "new" star of the show — Bill Nelson. Nelson has assumed leadership of the four man group, co-producing this effort, writing all of the songs, and handling the vocals. Though his one man band attitude hurt their last appearance, it works on this album. His somewhat distinctive voice mixes smoothly with his outstanding guitar playing. Armed with his six stringed instrument, Nelson is one of a number of underrated super guitarists.

With regards to material, the white album and its specially produced 12 inch extended play black disc features the best of the Be Bop deluxe material as well as two previously unreleased numbers. "Ships in the Night," "Sister Seagull," and "Fair Exchange" are all exceptional versions of past material.

While Nelson shines on this effort, the remaining three fourths of the group is hidden, this time behind Nelson's guitar and vocals. It is not until the last song on side four that any instrument besides Nelson's has a chance to solo. Keyboardist Simon Clark gets a minute or two to demonstrate his presence only to have the song and the album fade. The talent of the entire group remains in the background. And judging from what little I've heard from the boys, that's a shame.

Mark Guncheon



UTOPIA

Oops! Wrong Planet
(Bearsville)

Since Rundgren fans are legion, there's a good chance that the only people who will buy Oops! Wrong Planet are those who have known and loved Todd for at least the last few years. While we've "been filling our heads with all that synthesized noise," music listeners at large have questioned the value and even the virtuosity of Rundgren's writing and performing of late. If finally able to step back and evaluate Todd's progression album-wise, the true fan might also wonder what the source of his loyalty has

been, especially in light of the weak material presented on RA, Faithful, and to some extent Another Live. The answer lies in Rundgren's ability to keep things interesting; his latest trick is the gestation of Utopia, and we're still waiting to see if it was meant to be.

Of Oops! twelve tracks, only five were written solely by Todd, and he takes the lead vocal by himself on only three. This is the album's main weakness. Neither Roger Powell, John Wilcox, nor the pretty voiced Kaz Sulton can match the vocal strength Rundgren possesses. Sulton at least has a recognizable style that gives one the opportunity to enjoy it as a diversion or hate it for being too lame. Powell and Wilcox both try to emulate Todd's style and, well... forget it.

For your listening pleasure, Oops! kicks off with the Howard the Duck theme song, "Trapped" (in a world that he never made, of course) and moves neatly through a Powell composition (thankfully nothing like Cosmic Furnace) to the album's AM contender, "Love In Action." The song is all harmonies and a repetitive hook line, and could easily be edited for the Hit Parade. Another perfect choice for a single is the closing anthem, "Love Is The Answer," a flash back to Something/Anything. (Please let there be a hit single on this album; I get so tired of hearing "Hello, It's Me" on the radio.)

In between everyone takes a shot at writing and singing, the most successful being Roger Powell having helped out on writing and singing, the most successful being Roger Powell having helped out on "Abandon City," "My Angel" (complete with Abbey Road vocals), and the "title" track, "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell";

It's the wrong world
(I must be on the wrong planet)
I been checkin' it out
It's the wrong world
(I must be on the wrong planet)
And I know what it's all about.

If anyone needs to be muzzled it's drummer Wilcox whose "Crazy Lady Blue" and "Gangrene" are the stand out low points of an otherwise satisfying record. His live performance of RA's "Jealousy" is fairly embarrassing, and while he is a fine drummer, his skills don't extend much beyond that.

Oops! is clearly a better defined statement of what Utopia is all about; structured harmonies and delightful excess with a splash of (albeit dispensible) social commentary. Todd is less the leader here than ever before, but he should take care not to lose control altogether. Without him, Utopia would be anything but ideal.

Bill Paige



THE ANIMALS
Before We Were So Rudely Interrupted
(Jet)

"The Animals were among the leaders of the great British musical invasion and were expected to look as though they'd been raised in the mud and sound as though they gargled with common gravel every night. If they could record an old blues like "House Of The Rising Sun," giving it soul, sex and the added attraction of becoming a number one record, they had to be earthy, gutty and dirty. But when the Animals—John Steel, Eric Burdon, Bryan Chandler, Alan Price and Hilton Valentine arrived in the U.S., they certainly didn't look as if they needed to be dunked into a bathtub, and, even if their appearance is a little offbeat, they are clean and tidy."

The last time these five offbeat, but clean and tidy bluesmen were together was 1965, the year they released The Animals On Tour, perhaps their finest album, from whose liner notes the above blurb (by June Harris) was pulled. Since then, there's been alot of gravel, guts and music under the bridge. Eric Burdon became a San Franciscan flower child and later on a nouveau black funk advocate with War, Alan Price became The Alan Price Set and did a movie soundtrack, and Chas Chandler went on to dubious achievement as Slade's creative manager. The Animals were just another R&B band in the rock pantheon. That is, before Before We Were So Rudely Interrupted.

Once again, the five original Animals are back on the tracks, proving one more time that true rock and rollers categorically refuse to die or fade away. In all senses, the album is a renaissance effort. The band still churns out the truest rock and blues sound of any British group to date and time has not tarnished Burdon's sterling vocal delivery. Witness his exquisite silk and grit reworking of the blues

classic "As The Crow Flies," or his course attack on "Many Rivers To Cross."

But there's no writing off the dozen some years that have passed between their defiant but optimistic "We Gotta Get Out Of This Place" and the current British new wave vision of "Anarchy In The U.K." The Animals surprisingly haven't really changed their style, Valentine's guitar still twangs and Price still charges in with the keyboards blazing, but the sound itself has rarified. What was anarchic in the sixties is academic in the seventies.

Blame it on the changing times, or blame it on the Rolling Stones, a contemporary of the original Animals, who went on to incorporate the blues so thoroughly into rock that any other reworkings of the R & B sound seem almost extraneous. For right now, though the Animals sound like just another really great but extinct rock species.

Beth Segal



**OMAHA SHERIFF
Come Hell Or Waters High
(RCA)**

Have you noticed lately that there are an awful lot of albums being released which start out with one or two really good cuts, and then fizzle out completely? Well, this album by a new British group with the unlikely name of Omaha Sheriff is one of them. Which is really unfortunate, because the music here demonstrates a lot of potential.

The first cut on this album is the best — and it's really dynamite. "Quiet Please" is a 7:25 tour-de-force of a rocker, complete with time changes and harmonies, which easily ranks along with Peter Gabriel's "Down the Dolce Vita" and the Strawbs' new "Burning For You" and "Cut Like A Diamond" as the best hard rock songs I've heard this year. However, despite production by Tony Visconti and unusual instrumentation

such as bouzouki and ukulele, the album goes downhill rapidly from there. The rest of the music is pretty much your standard rock fare, a little more palatable than most, but nevertheless quite ordinary. There are a few songs with low key string arrangements, which don't really enhance things too much, but also don't particularly get in the way. The strongest element on the album is the production, which is not surprising, particularly since Visconti also plays with the group.

What Omaha Sheriff seems to need is a musical direction. It's pretty obvious from listening to this record that they're still in the process of establishing a distinct style, and, while the musicianship is consistently strong, this lack of a directional focus detracts. No matter how you look at it though, one cut as strong as "Quiet Please" on a debut album speaks well for any group. Omaha Sheriff is definitely a group that bears watching in the future.

Robin Cook

**DENNIS WILSON
Pacific Ocean Blue
(Caribou)**

Legend has it that of all the Beach Boys, Dennis was the only one that had ever really gotten up on a surfboard. The others were too busy practicing Four Freshman songs down in the Wilson brothers' basement to think about fun in the sun. They would probably still be there today if Dennis hadn't spread the saltwater gospel to Brian who went on to make "Surfin USA" the thing to do on both coasts and everywhere in between.

Looking at Dennis, the legend was easy to believe. He looked like a surfer, big, blonde and tan, whereas it seemed that the other guys would get knocked under at the first sign of a good wave. And his role as the strong, mostly silent drummer fit his image perfectly. The others went off in various directions on sundry projects, but Dennis remained the

WILSON



essential Beach Boy, the perpetual sun-struck hedonist, staying close to the coast, content at contributing to whatever collective project was in the works.

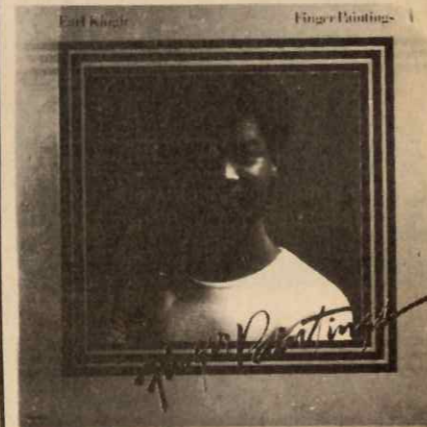
Which is the way it should have stayed. His debut album, Pacific Ocean Blue is sadly the most overproduced and underdeveloped musical effort so far this year. As a figurehead and symbol of a place and time, Dennis Wilson was supreme. But as a songwriter, producer, arranger and lead vocalist, he's hard not to beat.

It's difficult to point out any one weakness, as the whole disc is such a flabby affair. Suffice it to say that Dennis is hardly the vocalist that his older brother Brian is, but throwing a muffled reverb on every instrument and every track is hardly the way to cover up. Rather, it coats each song with an impenetrable film of gunk that makes one cut indistinguishable from another.

Actually that may be a disguised mercy with lyrics like "We live on the edge of a body of water/Warmed by the blood of the cold-hearted/Slaughter of the otter/Wonder how she feels mother seal/It's no wonder the Pacific Ocean is blue." The wonder really is that the ocean isn't red with embarrassment.

Finally, it seems that someone so concerned with environmental causes would stop to think about how much precious virgin vinyl he's wasting with each disc of such drivel. So do us and Mother Nature a favor, Dennis. Stick to surfing.

Beth Segal



**EARL KLUGH
Finger Paintings
(Blue Note)**

I can't help but think of George Benson when I listen to Finger Paintings. It's not guitarist Earl Klugh's fault. His association with the recently popular Mr. Benson has been a fruitful and relatively long one. But I get the same familiar feeling listening to Klugh that I did listening to early Benson, only

Benson at that time reminded me of jazz immortal Wes Montgomery.

Finger Paintings is a fairly relaxed affair despite the explosive mixture of musicians. Drummers Steve Gadd and Harvey Mason, guitarist Lee Ritenour, percussionist Ralph MacDonald, and keyboardist Dave Gruisin all really deserve their own solo lps. Most, in fact, do have one.

What Klugh does with the music and the musicians demonstrates his ability to work with others. The songs on the album struggle to show another aspect of Klugh and his band. The easy listening qualities allow for subtle rhythms and solos. Don't expect to be hit over the head with a roaring guitar and some spacey synthesizer. Instead, Klugh plays acoustic guitar throughout the album, preferring to keep the wattage remarkably low. I hesitate to call it simple but on the first listening the music appears to be just that.

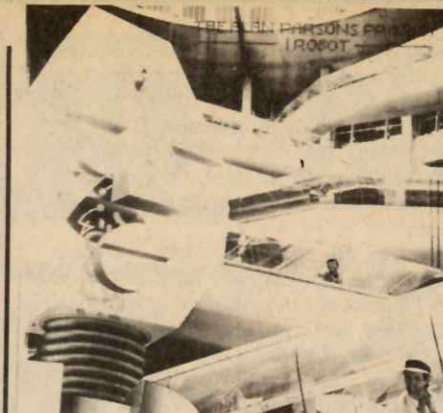
Of the nine songs, six are Klugh originals. They range from a sweet version of Jim Hall's "Dance with Me" to the Gruisin/Baretta theme song "Keep Your Eye on the Sparrow." The result is what Klugh calls finger paintings. Finger Paintings is a fine showing for this artist. And what is best about this collection is that the reproductions are just as good as the originals.

One side note concerning keyboardist Dave Gruisin. He's been getting quite a bit of work lately both as soundtrack composer/creator as well as studio musician. This time through, he handles the job of producer. He's done a remarkable job with Finger Paintings adding strings to an album and making them work.

Mark Guncheon

**ALAN PARSONS PROJECT
I Robot
(Arista)**

When I first heard about this album, I assumed on the basis of the title and the fact that the first Alan Parsons Project album was a concept album based on the works of Edgar Allen Poe, that it was a musical version of the brilliant Isaac Asimov short story collection of the same title. This same collection created the now universally accepted Three Laws of Robotics. Unfortunately, after several listenings, I am still not quite certain that it isn't. In fact, the lyrics here are so ambiguous, that I'm still not quite sure that the album concept is even "The story of the rise of the machine and the fall of man," as the liner notes so glibly state. The only thing I am really sure of is that the lyrics seem to suggest rampant paranoia on the part of the lyricist. Is it possible that perhaps Alan Parsons has



spent so much time in the studio that he's beginning to find it hard to distinguish between himself and his mixing board?!

At first glance, this album comes across as another slick, super conglomeration of British sessionmen, brought together for a one shot attempt at the fame and success which has eluded many of the best musicians simply because they are usually playing on other people's projects. At least this is what the Hipgnosis cover and many of the same names that appeared on the first Project album would lead one to believe. However, the first listening serves to convince that the only stars here are the music and the production. The writing on the album is excellent, if rather derivative, and this is where Alan Parsons' background comes into the picture. As one of England's top producers & Abbey Road Studios top engineer he has worked with a number of the best "symphonic" and "space" rock acts on some of their best albums, the most notable of which include The Beatles' Abbey Road, Pink Floyd's Dark Side of the Moon, and Ambrosia's Somewhere I've Never Travelled. But while this is Alan Parsons' past, and it contributes greatly to the musical influences displayed on I Robot, Parsons does not choose to rest on his laurels.

I Robot easily stands on its own, at least as far as the music is concerned. The writing, while drawing considerably from the first Project album and demonstrating strong influences by Pink Floyd (there are resemblances to both Dark Side of the

Moon and Atom Heart Mother), is still that of an experienced craftsman. And perhaps this is one of the things that bothers me about this album. There is a very fine distinction between a craftsman and an artist, but nevertheless the distinction can and should be made. The music of I Robot (I keep wanting to put in a comma between the two words, despite the fact that the album title doesn't include one. Maybe this is all part of the lyrical ambiguity of the album. At any rate, I do hope that it's an intentional omission.) is finely crafted and holds the listener's attention without becoming the least bit tedious. It does not break any new ground however, but merely recapitulates what other artists have done before, only with a bit more sophistication. I guess what I'm really trying to say is that I like the album, but there's something about it that leaves me feeling very uneasy. I'd really like to say, without qualification, that this album is a masterpiece, but I can't—there's something missing here. Just as a finely choreographed ballet loses something when it's filmed, or the lyrics of a foreign language opera tend to become laughable when translated into English, there's something lacking here in terms of dynamics and emotional content. As a producer and engineer Parsons is unquestionably an artist. As a musician and composer he is a clever craftsman. There's nothing wrong with that, just so long as both he and his audience remain able to recognize the difference.

Robin Cook

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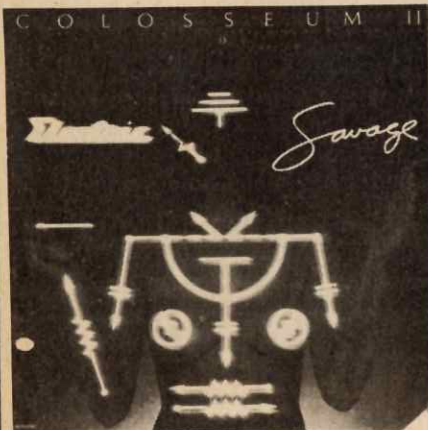
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COLOSEUM II
Electric Savage
(MCA)

Coloseum was one of England's longest surviving and most successful jazz rock bands. Prior to disbanding, the group built itself quite a well deserved reputation, despite numerous personnel changes. In the course of its career, the original Coloseum included a number of notable musicians. Such personages as keyboardman Dave Greenslade (currently fronting the band that uses his name), Chris Farlowe (formerly of Atomic Rooster), Mark Clarke, and, according to one reputable source, even Graham Bond and Jack Bruce all participated in the group at one time or another. Throughout the many evolutions of the group, however, the one constant factor that remained was leader Dick Heckstall-Smith, one of England's leading reedmen.

As you can see, Coloseum II has quite a bit to live up to, and they don't quite make it. The new agglomeration includes only one member who played with the original band — drummer/percussionist Jon Hiseman. The instrumentation is your standard rock/fusion lineup; guitar,



keyboards, drums/percussion, bass. Gone are the innovative horn lines that Heckstall-Smith provided, and there's very little that takes their place. What is left

is fairly ordinary with meandering lead guitar and keyboard riffs which sound pretty much like most of the current fusion music being released. Don't get me wrong, this isn't a really bad album. What Coloseum II does, they do well. It's just that what they do is quite ordinary.

On the plus side, there are some fairly strong, classically (or more properly, Baroque) influenced organ/synthesizer sections, and, while there are no writing credits on the album, the writer(s) seem to have a fairly well developed sense of composition. Hiseman is a good drummer, but he tends to get a little carried away and play lead drums. Unfortunately, this tends to be the outcome when a drummer becomes the leader of a group. So, all in all, what it boils down to is that if you're expecting Coloseum, you're going to be disappointed. Which is too bad, because this group does seem to have the potential to eventually evolve into a pretty strong force.

Robin Cook

PAT METHENY
Watercolors
(ECM)

Pat Metheny's latest album is playing on the turntable. The rain streaks down my window. Alone. Listening. The falling droplets, the beauty. Metheny and musical beauty. "The most beautiful sound next to silence," is the ECM motto and can be aptly applied to Metheny's heavenly guitar, and this exquisite album.

Accompanying Metheny are three highly respected jazz musicians; Lyle Mays on piano, Eberhard Weber on bass, and Dan Gottlieb on drums. Metheny has composed all the selections and plays acoustic guitar, electric 12-string, and 15-string harpguitar.

Metheny was "discovered" by Gary Burton and joined the Burton Quartet, thus creating the Quintet that now exists. That was in 1973 when Metheny was only 19 years old. How does a youngster fresh out of Lee's Summit, Missouri join one of the premier jazz forces in the

world? Simple, he introduces himself. Metheny went up to Burton, told him how much Burton had influenced him to become a musician and to try jazz, and then asked if he could jam with him. Before long Metheny was a regular and composed much of the work Burton was playing.

Now, he has been featured on three albums which have received astoundingly good reviews. Watercolors, his latest, displays a talent for composition which rivals the best of the new jazzmen and an artistry on the guitar unsurpassed by anyone presently playing jazz. Burton knows talent when he sees it, so when Metheny decided on putting together this album there was no question but that he would employ two of the Quintet, Weber and Gottlieb. Weber's credentials is a Who's Who of modern jazz, and last year's Passengers album solidified his status among the best bassists around, alongside Jaco Pastorius and Steve Swallow. Though Gottlieb and Mays have had limited public acclaim, all one needs do is listen to their work on this album to be convinced of their abilities and the prospects of their musical futures.

This lp was recorded February in Oslo, Norway at Talent Studios and displays the same beauty and intelligence other products of this musical factory possess. The adjectives flood the mind when listening to each selection on this album. There is the haunting style of "Oasis," the powerfully captivating "Sea Song," and the clear, crisp, lyrical, this album. There is the haunting style of "Oasis," the powerfully captivating "Sea Song," and the clear, crisp, lyrical, lilting sounds of the other pieces. "Sea Song" is an impressive ten minute piece which calls attention to the togetherness and virtuosity of Mays, Weber, Gottlieb and Metheny. Metheny's guitar expertise challenges that of Ralph Towner or John Abercrombie, perhaps surpassing both of them.

This is a soft, low-key album, created in the friskiness of a Scandinavian winter. Whereas Burton called Metheny's first album, Bright Size Life, "positive and hot and simply excellent," Watercolors is positive, cool and superb.

Sal Manna



LETTERS, WE GET LETTERS

Triad will soon be publishing a regular "Letters to the Editor" section. Please feel free to write us about...anything.

Radio Notes

I've got silence on my radio.

Let the airwaves flow, let the airwaves flow.

"Moonlight Mile" Jagger-Richard

It's been a long time coming, but we're back, looking straight up Michigan Avenue and digging on the renewed thrill of spinning records over Chicago. The frustrating months of sitting around flipping the radio dial are over. I'll still be listening, of course, but I'll also be offering an alternative. If the program works — and you're the ones who are going to ultimately decide this — it'll be a victory for the theory of non-programming. You might not have heard of it, particularly since there hasn't been much of it around Chicago recently. It was called "free-form" or "alternative" in the 60's, but that was before AM invaded FM to mass-market it to death. In the terms that most radio stations deal with and relate to the music they play, alternative radio is unreliable. Listeners are charted like psychological specimens, probed and examined to find out what will pacify them. You just can't get on the radio and play whatever music it is that seems appropriate for this flash in time. What do you think radio is, anyway — spontaneous?

Well, yes. It may be die-hard romanticism, but we want to relate to the music like they did in the old days. Rock and roll music, both the old stuff and the new releases, is a living-breathing part of our life and culture, and it should be treated with respect. Good music deserves to be played, whether it be a bracing top-forty smash or an esoteric but no less compelling type of artistry. Can ABBA come to terms with Johnny Rotten and the Sex Pistols? Can you invite Steely Dan and the Eagles to the same party? Is Joni Mitchell ready to board the Holy Mother-ship? We think so.

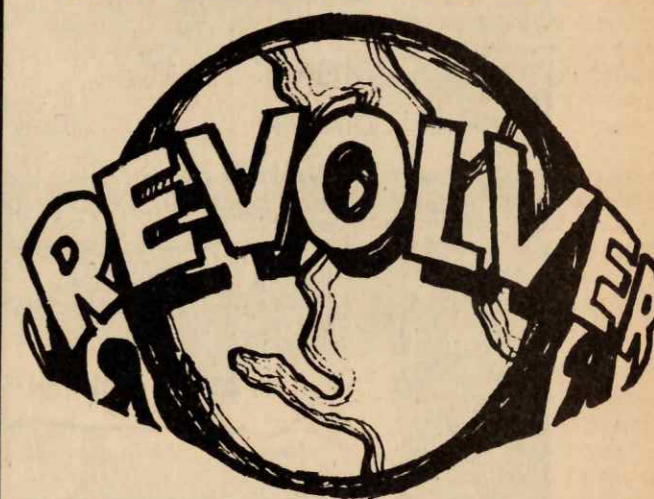
Music is lifeblood and radio allows for a magical technological transfusion. Rock and roll blazing out of the car that screams by your window at midnight, rock and roll slipping out of the radio on the night stand. New records played with giddy glee as soon as they arrive at the studio. The new Stones! My God, a Springsteen! And old ones rediscovered and sent out into the night-time Chicago sky. Rock and roll was meant to foster some sort of community, and if we're ever again going to take stock in that seemingly outdated belief, the radio is the most likely place to start. The music we play here has somehow touched our lives, and we hope that it can fill a place in yours.

So scream if we welsch on the deal, and tell your friends if you find the transmissions from the far right end of the dial to be unusually satisfying. We're your radio station because we don't pretend to be anything. We're not into feeding you pre-recorded scientifically-programmed packages of rock and roll and we don't think we're any hipper than anybody else who grew up seriously relating to rock and roll. What we are is the music we play. What we are is TRIAD at 106.1 FM from nine in the evening until one.

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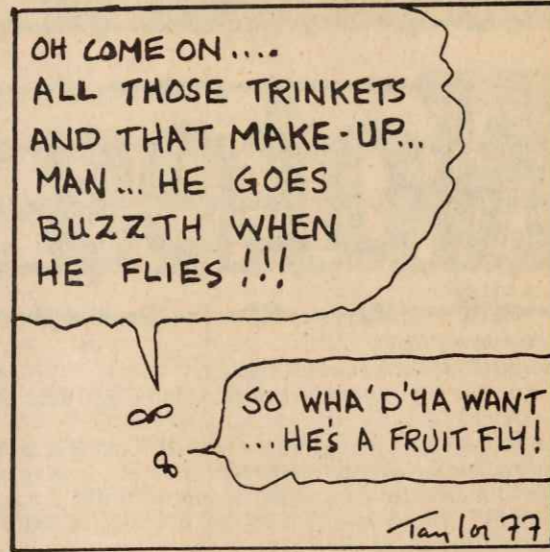
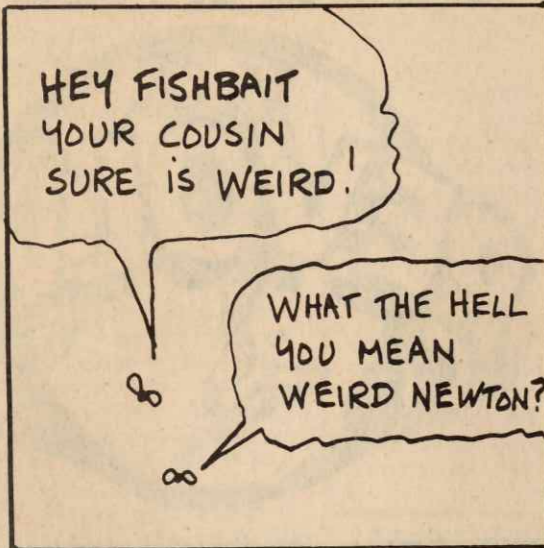
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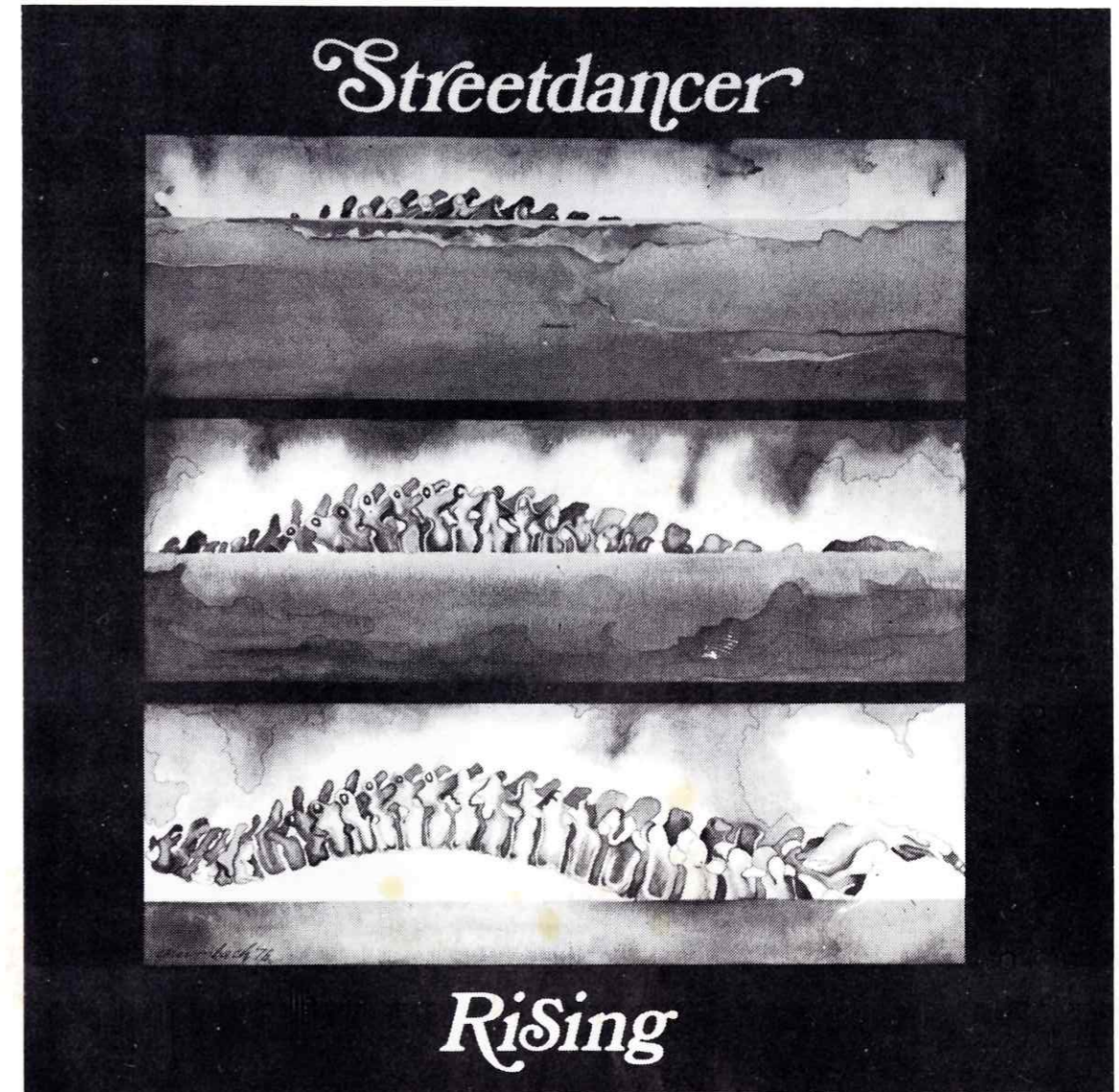
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